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Destruction gleams athwart the red-lit main;

And war-darts strew with death a peopled vale.

O'er which mid discord laughs with look insane.

I hear, along the ocean deep, where sail

Ten 'ships of Tarshish,' bound the echo'd roar

(Of war's loud thunders; till through flashing sky

In conflagration they explode, and o'er

The trembling waves in thousand fragments fly.

I see in blood-red mantle proudly stalk

A form of Moloch o'er his prostrate dead;

And swift proceeding him, pale Famine walk

With pestilence dark-veiled.—These lightly tread

O'er earth—each noisily her number counts:

While you wild demon in a stater scene,

Enters the senate, and the throne-step mounts—

There sits—a hell-born Infidel, whose queen

Looks haggard Anarchy—Black Tophet gleams

At the throne's foot.—Antichrist, p. 28.

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REVIEWS

The History of the Roman Emperors, from Augustus to the Death of Marcus Antoninus. By the late Rev. Robert Lynam, M.A. Edited by the Rev. John T. White, M.A. 2 vols. Simpkin & Co.

NOTWITHSTANDING its importance and interest, Gibbon and Niebuhr are the only modern writers of the first class on Roman history. The extraordinary abilities and acquirements necessary for the thorough mastery and exhibition of the subject have not hitherto been found united in any single individual. Such a work requires a combination of profound philosophy with immense erudition, and a personal experience of human nature, almost beyond the attainment of an ordinary life; and when worthily executed will obtain for its author a celebrity in the records of moral science somewhat similar to that of Alexander Humboldt in the annals of physical. A really philosophical history of the rise and fall of the Roman power would present to the mind of the reader a large portion of the moral Cosmos: for there is scarcely a condition of human nature, or a variety of political or social organization, that would not find place for discussion and illustration in such a history. The completion of so laborious a work will be most probably delayed until the progress of partial research and of mental science and education shall have enabled some future historian to commence his labours from higher vantage ground than exists at the present time.

Of the two authors mentioned above, the one explains the growth and the other narrates the decline of the Roman dominion. We use the words in italics advisedly, as we think that they summarily characterize the respective merits of those two historians. The intellect and erudition displayed so profusely in the works of Niebuhr and of Gibbon are apt to dazzle the reader, and render it difficult to estimate correctly their comparative merits. We shall not undertake the details of such an estimate now; we shall only repeat an observation which we think has been justly made,—that neither Gibbon nor Niebuhr could have produced a complete Roman history able to bear the test of modern historical criticism. Gibbon wanted sympathy, and Niebuhr wanted method. The great work of Gibbon only needs *soul* to take its place among the most remarkable productions of the human intellect. With an extraordinary acuteness of intellect and aptitude for analytic investigation, the mind of Niebuhr seems to have been deficient in the power of synthetic exposition. He could bring an enormous mass of the most varied learning to support or to illustrate any position; but he was unable to digest and to arrange his vast knowledge into one methodical and luminous whole, so as to render his grand conceptions intelligible to others. With evidently the most thorough mastery of his materials, he knew not how to weave them into a natural and connected narrative. His work is rather a series of critical disquisitions than a continuous narrative,—and more resembles a collection of materials for a history than the history itself.

The work of Niebuhr extends to the end of the First Punic War,—that of Gibbon begins with the reign of Commodus. The only English work of acknowledged merit on the events during the intervening period is that of Hooke, published in 1737, and therefore before the modern additions to political science. Although Hooke apparently possessed a learned and vigorous mind, his work will not satisfy the requirements

of the present age; and, besides, it terminates with the accession of Augustus, and is therefore insufficient as an introduction to the study of Gibbon. The works of Goldsmith and Ferguson upon Roman history are now almost obsolete. The same remark applies to the work of Cousin,—which is a mere translation into French of the epitomes of Xiphilinus and of Zonaras. The laborious, prolix and languid compilation of Lenain de Tillemont gave place to that of Crevier,—of which a good translation exists—the first and second volumes of which serve as a tolerable introduction to Gibbon; but still, both the scholar and the general reader would wish for an introduction written with less diffuseness and with more enlarged views.—The work now before us is an attempt to supply this deficiency.

The historian of this important period should possess no ordinary qualifications. He should be a man of high moral principle and penetrating intellect, in order to trace and exhibit the law of moral progress operating even amid the apparent irregularity and confusion of an arbitrary despotism;—for without the recognition of that law, history has little real value. An author duly qualified would find in the history of Rome under the Cæsars and the five good emperors ample scope for the display of his qualifications. This period, perhaps more than any other, needs illustrations drawn from all sources, from events that have occurred in different countries and at other times, and, when possible, from circumstances even now occurring. History written in this way may be made to supply lessons of practical wisdom to the statesman, verifications of the theories of the moral philosopher, and a very high kind of delight and instruction to the general reader.

The author of the volumes before us appears to have been a tolerably well read classical scholar, in the usual sense of the words; that is to say, conversant with the books usually read by university men—and with no others. We trace no indications of his familiarity with the best works on political economy; and of modern political and historical philosophy, as exhibited in the writings of Montesquieu, Bentham and Guizot, he gives no evidence of knowing anything. His experience of the world seems to be such as might have been gained from intercourse with college friends accustomed to college modes of thought. His observations on men and events are always sensible, but never striking or profound; and we meet with no original reflections in these volumes which might not have proceeded from any well educated man. The work is a clearly and well written compilation, superior to that of Crevier, but scarcely worthy of the title of a history. It contains, of course,—as any well digested narrative of the events of this remarkable period must—abundance of important materials; but from the consideration of those materials the reader must draw his own lesson,—he will find little assistance in this respect from the author. The nature of the subject necessitates the very frequent introduction of passages from the History and Annals of Tacitus, and these passages are rendered into easy and elegant English. As was to be expected, we now and then recognize a sentiment of Juvenal; but the piquant and natural pictures given by Horace of the private life and tone of sentiment among the Romans under Augustus evidently exercised but little influence on the mind of Mr. Lynam when engaged in the composition of the early part of his work. Any general views of the philosophy of society to which such pictures might have been made subservient, were apparently beyond his reach of thought.

We are no admirers of the long prologues of Sallust; but we certainly think that the history of one of the most important empires the world has ever seen might have appropriately commenced with a brief statement of the resources and extent of that empire, and of the nature of the changes in the constitution that had recently been effected. However, the biographies of Suetonius appear to have stood higher in the estimation of Mr. Lynam than expositions of this kind; and he accordingly begins at once with the personal history of Augustus,—leaving his reader to gather from other sources the condition of the empire over which that artful despot was to rule.

The following extract on the character of Augustus affords, we think, a fair specimen of Mr. Lynam's style.—

"The character of Augustus, though of a questionable nature, has upon the whole been favourably described by the writers of antiquity. Dion declares that though few persons regretted him at first, yet afterwards his death was universally lamented. For he was courteous and easy of access to all ranks of citizens, and granted pecuniary assistance to many: he showed great regard to his friends, and was pleased with them for delivering their sentiments with freedom. He softened and moderated his absolute sway in such a manner that the Romans appeared to enjoy both liberty and tranquillity at the same time: they had the forms of democracy without anarchy and confusion, and the advantages of monarchical power without tyranny and oppression. Whatever crimes were committed by him during the civil wars his partisans thought should be ascribed to the necessity of the times, considering that his real character was to be estimated from the actions over which he himself had an unrestricted control. So amiable did his conduct soon appear, in comparison with that of his successor, that some persons suspected that he had chosen Tiberius for his heir in order that the contrast in his own favour might be more conspicuous. * * Tacitus relates that the Romans were divided in their opinions respecting his character. The vulgar expressed their admiration at the number of his consulships, the length of years in which he had held the tribunician power, the many times which he had gained the title of *Imperator*, and the various other honours which he had enjoyed. His more judicious partisans contended that his duty to Julius Cæsar and the necessities of the state had urged him into a civil war, which it was impossible for him to conduct by virtuous expedients alone; that in punishing the assassins of his father he made many concessions to Antony and many to Lepidus: that when the former of these chiefs had been ruined by his (own?) licentiousness, and the other had resigned himself to indolence, there was no remedy for the disorders of the state, except that it should submit to the sway of one man: that he had not, however, assumed the regal power, &c. &c."

Mr. Lynam quotes from Tacitus the adverse character of Augustus,—notices certain remarks of Julian, Dion and Suetonius which bear on the subject,—transcribes Gibbon's outline of the Emperor's character,—and then proceeds to draw that character himself in a passage which is too long for quotation entire, but of which the following is a condensation.—

"Augustus was a tyrant and a hypocrite, but not devoid of every genuine virtue, and not actuated by selfish interests alone. His crimes were instigated by the inexperience of youth, his virtues were the spontaneous acts of his manhood and declining age. His great vice was ambition, which he endeavoured studiously to conceal; but he was wise, humane, and moderate in the exercise of the power which he acquired. He was elegant in person, and deficient neither in eloquence nor in literary talents, and literary men were fostered by him with every kind of encouragement."

The mind of Mr. Lynam appears to have been deficient in the power of assimilation. Why not have combined all his reading on such

a subject as the above into one pithy and lucid paragraph, and given his authorities copiously in the margin? Scholars might then have consulted the original authors,—as they will do even after the lucubrations of Mr. Lynam; and general readers might have laid aside these volumes informed without being wearied.

It is not too much to expect from the historian of the era of religion and of jurisprudence a few thoughtful disquisitions on those important topics. The condensed account of the Roman law given in the 44th chapter of the 'Decline and Fall' is, on the whole, a most masterly sketch,—but the recent researches of Hugo and Savigni have rendered almost all preceding expositions nearly obsolete. Gibbon's account is therefore an inadequate representation of the existing knowledge of the subject:—it is, besides, occasionally obscure and confused. As Francis Horner remarked, it becomes a perplexing problem for Gibbon's readers to discover from his text alone, that, of the two great sects of Roman jurists, the Sabinians were the followers of Capito, and the Proculians of Labeo:—not to mention other instances.

First, for the early history of Christianity.—After noticing the accounts given of the Christians by Tacitus and Suetonius, Mr. Lynam remarks:—

"In drawing such a character of the Christians, the two historians obviously took little trouble to write with impartiality and truth. The subject was so uncongenial to their habits and prejudices, that they could scarcely impose upon themselves the labour of any extraordinary investigations, but would readily admit the popular rumours concerning a sect which they despised. Men in the present day must be allowed to be more accurate judges of the principles of Christianity than the two heathen historians; and unless the early Christians of Rome, at a time they were sacrificing all their prejudices and interests for the sake of religion, lived in direct and open variance with their professed principles, it is impossible to believe the charges alleged against them. That they were objects of suspicion and dislike to the people, in whose cities they resided, is exceedingly credible, because they were obliged to evince a marked repugnance to the manners and sentiments of the heathens, to avoid their idolatrous altars, and to absent themselves from their cruel and licentious amusements. The unpopularity of the Christians, of which we have sufficient testimony, is a proof that they adhered to some principles different from those which guided the rest of the world; it also shows, that their religion did not offer any allurements to the passions of the crowd, but gained its converts by the irresistible efficacy of truth."

The above may be very good sense, but Paley had already said the same things still more convincingly.—In the second of these volumes we have a *long quotation* from Paley's Evidences, commenting on the miracles attributed to the Emperor Vespasian. So important a subject as the origin of Christianity should have been treated in a very different manner from this. The results of years of thought on the subject should have been condensed into a few pages. The arguments of Paley should have been epitomized, or referred to, if thought necessary,—not quoted.

Then, for jurisprudence.—To our great surprise, we find not one word on the subject! The work of Gaius—the model on which Trebonian afterwards compiled the Institutes, in the reign of Justinian—is never mentioned. Mr. Lynam seems to ignore the very existence of such personages as Gaius and Ulpian.

The most interesting portion of this work is that which treats of the Jewish war. Mr. Lynam was evidently at home on this topic; and he has succeeded in producing an able and well written narrative of the fall of Jerusalem. The destruction of the Temple is well told,—and will bear quotation.—

"The Jews who were in the Temple uttered a piercing cry of horror, when they first beheld the fire issuing from that sanctuary, which they esteemed the most august and most holy place upon earth, in which all their feelings of veneration and piety were concentrated, and with the preservation of which they had lately associated their strongest hopes of deliverance from the arms of their heathen invaders. The terrified spectators in the city returned the lamentation when they saw the holy mountain enveloped in flames; and many, whose strength and power of utterance had been almost destroyed by the famine, opened their lips once more in shrieks of uncontrollable anguish. The hills around Jerusalem echoed the dreadful tumult which was made by the noise of the irresistible flames, the crash of falling buildings, the shouts of the infuriated legions, and the groans of those who sank into the conflagration, or were transfixed by the sword. An unsparing carnage was made of many thousands of the Jews; for the Temple, it should be remembered, was the place of worship not merely of a single city or province, but of a whole nation; and a great multitude had assembled in it this very day, trusting to the declaration of an impostor or enthusiast, who had promised them that they should receive some extraordinary tokens of deliverance. The impious rulers had suborned many false prophets, for the sake of reviving the hopes and supporting the courage of the people; and now the end of their delusions had arrived. Josephus says that the blood which was shed seemed sufficient to extinguish the fire, while the number of the slain appeared greater than that of the slayers, so prodigious were the heaps of dead that everywhere covered the ground. Old and young, women and children, soldiers and priests, were massacred indiscriminately. The seditious leaders with their troops fled, during the tumultuous conflict, into the outer court of the Temple, and afterwards escaped into the Upper City. Some of the priests defended the Holy House until the last moment, tearing up the spikes which were on the top of it and hurling them at the Romans. As the conflagration spread two of the most eminent threw themselves into the flames, and the rest retreated to a wall, which was eight cubits thick, where they were able for a time to defy the attacks of the Romans. Famine, however, compelled them to surrender in a few days, and Titus refused to spare their lives, alleging that priests ought not to survive the Temple in which they served. At the first assault, about six thousand of the mixed multitude who had been surprised in the Temple took refuge in one of the cloisters of the outer court; but the exasperated Romans set fire to it, and forced them to perish in its ruins. They began to burn all the cloisters, gates, and other parts of the spacious edifice, which had hitherto resisted their destructive attacks. Even the treasury chamber, where the Jews had deposited great stores of money, vestments and other valuable property, were consumed. But the love of plunder was not quite absorbed in the rage of destruction; for the soldiers enriched themselves to such an extent, that in Syria the price of the pound weight of gold was diminished one half."

Many of the statements of Josephus—the great authority on Jewish affairs—are evident exaggerations; if Mr. Lynam, or his editor, Mr. White, had exercised a little more critical acumen in accepting some of these statements, this portion of the work would have been perhaps unexceptionable as a clear and vigorous piece of narrative.

Modern readers of history, accustomed to the instructive disquisitions of Mackintosh and Macaulay, will be surprised that the life and times of Marcus Antoninus are passed over here without any estimate of Roman philosophy. Nor is this all: the remarks made in this work on Roman literature are meagre and unsatisfying. They are about as valuable as those met with in a second-rate classical dictionary. Mr. Lynam's estimate of Seneca suffers from comparison with that given in Anthon's edition of Lemprière.

The Lectures of Niebuhr on Roman History—delivered *ex tempore*, but preserved in frag-

ments in the note-books of his pupils, as our readers know—were a few years back collected by Dr. Schmidt, and edited with great care and ability. From the manner of their delivery and publication, these Lectures are necessarily sketchy and imperfect; but they nevertheless, clearly, though indirectly, show the qualities and attainments necessary for writing ancient history. Mr. Lynam is below the standard which we have formed from the perusal of these Lectures, and from other works of the kind. He has produced a useful compilation certainly; but his work, we think, will never take position as a philosophical history.

Leonard Lindsay; or, the Story of a Buccaneer. By Angus B. Reach. 2 vols. Bogue.

"The chronicle of a revolution" (it has been quaintly observed) "cannot be written in rose-water," nor can the history of a Buccaneer, if in the least probable, prove anything but a rough and ready record of fierce adventures and breathless escapes. In producing a rapid, brilliant, exciting series of these, Mr. Reach has been successful. Moreover, he has trafficked less than might have been expected among the horrors and agonies of such a wild and roving life, without being in the least super-dainty. He has avoided monotony, too, and his scene-painting is vivid and individual. His hero is neither a monstrous defaulter nor a faultless monster. Then, though in the treatment of sea superstitions he must not hope to equal the author of 'Mardi,' he has still hold of many "a yarn" not to be disentangled without the hearer being thrilled,—witness "the Legend of Foul-weather Don." Seeing that it would be impossible for us to follow the Buccaneer through a tithe of his adventures, and that the above character will attract all whom such tales concern, we will only further treat the reader to a specimen of Mr. Reach's meritoriously direct manner of narration,—premising that what follows by no means affords a sample of what may be styled the great scenes and stage effects of the novel. Having fallen into the worst of bad hands, and escaped from his captors, Leonard Lindsay is hunted with blood-hounds; from which he escapes only by recollecting that his brute pursuers will be as thoroughly disconcerted by running water as the witches of old were said to be.—

"With such like rhapsodies, I relieved the fulness of my heart, as I followed the stream, splashing down in its very centre. Sometimes when a small waterfall interrupted its course, I had to scramble ashore and make a brief circuit, but I soon took to the water again. In about ten minutes after I had first entered the river, the bay of the bloodhound ceased to be heard; but I distinguished the sound of a clearly blown horn or trumpet, and the report of one or two guns, as though one party were making signals to another. Still I pressed on, but more cautiously—watching the banks very narrowly, and at the places where the stream flowed silently, pausing to listen with all my ears. There was no alarm, and I began to grow very confident, when all at once it occurred to me, as I glanced at the point of the horizon to which the sun was now hastening, that I must be rapidly returning either to Carthage, or to some point very near it, upon the coast, where, undoubtedly, this rivulet emptied itself into the sea. This consideration at once arrested my footsteps; and creeping among the roots of a tree, beneath an overhanging bank, I began to muse upon what was best to be done. I did not doubt but that my pursuers had fairly lost my traces, and that it would be a hard matter for them again to find the scent. Indeed, I considered that I might very safely leave the water, and pursue my original westward route amongst the woods; but then I was unarmed, excepting my knife, and without even the means of lighting a fire, how was I to live among the forests and the wilderness which stretched backward from the coast? As I

...a thought struck me. When first captured by the Spaniards, I had several double doubloons, and a few pieces of eight about me; this money I had been careful to preserve, and possessed it still, save one of the doubloons, which I had given to my jailor, as he bade me adieu. Why, then, thought I, should I not return to Carthagena as soon as the night falls, and endeavour to purchase fairly what I want. I speak Spanish sufficiently well. I am dressed like a Spanish sailor. Why should I not, by a circuitous path, reach the seaward part of the city, and making believe that I have landed from a vessel in the bay, purchase what arms and ammunition I require, not forgetting some food, and so leaving the town again in the darkness, pursue my way westward. The more I thought of this scheme, the more feasible did it appear. To be sure, there was a risk of being taken, and perhaps hung; but if I plunged unarmed into the woods, I had at least the certainty of dying a lingering death by starvation, or of being murdered by the savages. Therefore, without much ado, I decided upon braving the immediate danger, and purchasing what I wanted in the town, from which I had so recently fled. With this design, I began again to wade slowly down the river, thinking to myself, that if any one noticed the wet state of my garments, I might easily account for it, by saying that I had but just now landed in a small boat through the surf. My progress was of course but slow; and several huts being built upon the banks of the stream, I was obliged now and then to leave the water and take circuits round about, keeping as much as possible in the shadow of the woods. I met, however, with no interruption, and so in about the space of an hour and a half, or thereby, I heard the sound of the surf. On gaining the coast I found it to consist of considerable sand hills, with many small bays, and lines of breakers extending several cable-lengths from the shore. The weather being moderate, however, the surf was not violent. My first act was to creep to the top of one of the highest sand-hills, and look anxiously to seaward. There were the sails of one or two fishing boats, and as many coasting craft of small burden in sight, but nothing like our schooner; so I descended and began to move to the eastward. Before I had taken many steps, however, I recollected that Carthagena was fortified at its seaward extremities, and I asked myself whether I could safely attempt to pass through the line of defences. The countenign I knew, but it might have been changed since my escape, or perhaps it only applied to the guard of the alcaide's house. While I was thus debating the matter with myself, I suddenly saw floating in the shallow water near the mouth of the small river, a small boat or canoe, bottom upward, and, running hastily towards her, found her to be no other than the negro fisherman's canoe, which we had upset the night of our unfortunate reconnoitring expedition. I straightway determined to turn this piece of luck to account, and, instead of proceeding by land, to paddle round and disembark in any quiet corner of the bay. On righting the canoe, I found she was but little damaged, and the paddles having been secured by pieces of spun yarn, as is usual in the boats of fishermen, were both ready for use. Therefore, without more ado, I got into the boat and pulled her off to sea. There were not less than three bars formed by the sea at the mouth of the stream, and the breakers burst white upon them all. However, by watching my time and carefully attending to the run of the seas, I got over the inner two very easily. On the outward bank the surf broke heavier, and once or twice I expected to have to swim for it. However, I had better luck, the canoe was very lively, and danced like a cork on the broken seas, so that at length I fairly made the smooth swell, with a boat, however, half full of water. After bailing her out I began slowly to paddle eastward, the boat being impelled by the dying powers of the sea breeze, and presently, just as the sun was dipping, I opened the bay of Carthagena, and seeing an old slimy wooden jetty, only used apparently by a few fishermen, I made for it. Truly, says that brave seaman (and also as brave a penman), whom afterwards I well knew, William Dampier, 'Carthagena is a fair city open to the sea.' The level beams of the setting sun glowed upon the heaving water, and upon the great Spanish ships, lying like piled castles, with high

forecastles and carved and galleried poops, slowly rocking to the solemn moving seas; and shorewards, upon the bright line of gaily painted houses, with verandahs and balconies all fluttering with tinted draperies; and the pinnacles of churches and convents, from whence the evening bells came pealing out into the rich glowing air. One or two small fishing craft were slowly making for the beach, and a canoe or two would now and then glide between the shipping and the shore; but to my great comfort no one seemed to pay the slightest attention to my humble self. Therefore I made fast the canoe to the jetty whereof I spoke, and which was all hung with nets put there to dry, and walked, the more boldly as it was now grey dusk, into the city, looking for some shop or store where I might be served with the articles which I needed. The traders and merchants were now beginning to close their warehouses, and so it behoved me quickly to find a suitable shop. The streets in which I wandered being very narrow and high, were all but dark; lights gleamed out of the houses, shadowy figures moved upon balconies, and grave men with long cloaks stood by doorways, talking in their sonorous tongue, and smoking great pipes of tobacco. Still no one took notice of me, and I was the more assured, inasmuch as I saw around me many seamen dressed as I was myself, one or two of whom hailed me 'comrade,' and would have taken me to be treated at the Posada. I moved, however, with a quick stealthy step, keeping my eyes warily abroad, and at length, in a small street or lane, found a low-roofed shop, or rather stall, quite open to the thoroughfare, in which, in the middle of a collection of fire-arms, and steel weapons of many kinds, sat an old, hook-nosed, grey-headed man, with a very dirty face and great iron spectacles, drinking a bowl of savoury cocoa, and at the same time dictating to a little lad, dressed in a thread-bare fashion, some bills of charges which the boy was writing in a great greasy account book, by the light of a single candle, which flared and flickered in the open shop. The old merchant I concluded to be a Jew, and judged that so long as I paid a good price for what I wanted, I would be asked no questions which it might be inconvenient to answer. I therefore entered the shop."

The hero's adventures with the dwarf pilot, and the story of the Pearl Merchant, may be further referred to as evidences of what Mr. Reach can accomplish in "configurations" more uncommon and striking than the above. His novel is of its kind more than ordinarily clever and readable.

The War with Mexico. By R. S. Ripley. 2 vols. New York, Harper & Co.; London, Low.

The Other Side; or, Notes for the History of the War between Mexico and the United States, written in Mexico. Translated from the Spanish and edited with Notes, by Albert C. Ramsey. New York, Wiley.

The War with Mexico Reviewed. By A. A. Livermore. Chapman.

THE second of these works—stated to be the first Mexican historical production yet translated into the English language—makes us acquainted with a subject and with manners very imperfectly known to Europeans. It presents much, too, that is wanting in the American accounts of the military transactions to which it relates:—and it differs from Mr. Ripley's work in not being merely a dry narrative of operations and opposing policies,—but as indulging in descriptions and anecdotes such as excite the fancy and awaken emotion. The American editor apologizes for this.—

"The horrors and ravages of war are herein portrayed with a vividness which our style of composition seldom allows. The peculiar delicacy of feeling, and the refined sensibility, so decidedly feminine in the Mexican character, have given them a pre-eminence over some others in this species of delineation. They, therefore, indulge in it, not drawing from their imagination, but from memory, to give life and truth to the picture. At the outset, therefore, it must be

declared, to prevent a misconception of many passages, that this work has no fancy in it whatever. It is purely fact, and fact too well known, in sorrow, sometimes, to the whole American army. The poetical descriptions have the additional charm of being no less true than beautiful. The chapter on the abandonment of Tampico is the only article in which there is much of the prevailing style in Mexican political disquisitions. Its literary merit is in its being a fair specimen of the prolific partisan press of that country, and will, no doubt, suffice for the curiosity of strangers. The other portions of the book are on a far higher and much more unusual standard. In conclusion, a remark has to be made on the sufferings and scourges of the Mexican army in some of their marches. These are so singular that some will suppose them fanciful; while, on the other hand, the American soldiers may believe them painted in darker colors in the translation. For, with the exception of hunger, *the same kind were, at different times, undergone by the whole American army.* They may seem inclined to declare that no Mexican could so well have portrayed their privations. But in answer it may be asked, where is the American possessing the peculiar talent and the dearly bought information, who could surpass or even imitate some of these descriptions? When it is desirable to know what the Americans suffered in Mexico, this work can be consulted: for what the Mexicans have written of their countrymen will apply to the Americans."

If there were no other value in the book than the one thus indicated, it would still be of value. In these days of popular reason, it is useful to cite all authorities; and from war itself the best arguments against war must be drawn.

It is not to be supposed either that our countrymen across the Atlantic are all insensible to the horrors of a campaign—even when it is brief and glorious according to the military canons. The advocates of peace are not silent among them. The lesson which is taught inferentially in the pages of the Mexican author is logically enforced and illustrated by Mr. Livermore. The voice of warning and rebuke is seldom charged with severer tones than in his review of the origin, progress, and consequences of the sanguinary strife in question. With a clear and decisive logic he lays bare the vices—lust of territory, boasting self-sufficiency, restless, discontented spirit—which led the people into war,—the loss of life and destruction of property which marked its course,—the taste for military renown which it has created in thousands of youthful minds in the United States,—the angry passions which it has excited between the two Republics. Mr. Livermore's work is likely to make a deep impression on the mind of America so soon as the day of calm and dispassionate thought shall have arrived.—Of course the writer takes the extreme view of the Peace Society. To him the war is all waste,—has no compensations. Detesting as much as any one the war argument, and the war medium for the communication of even good,—we have already shown that there is in such an estimate some error of fact. Evil, like good, is rarely unmixed in this world. Amid the smoke and slaughter on the battle-fields of Mexico, some particles of the latter were sown. The American volunteers carried with them books, and letters, and newspapers. Wherever they planted their standards, they set up also a printing press—to say nothing of such mere conveniences of civilization as hotels and cafés. They have left in every part of Mexico the arts of modern Europe:—just as the Greek armies which overran Asia deposited in its plains and cities the arts, the manners, and the literature of Greece.

The vindication of the American policy is asserted in Mr. Ripley's volumes. The author is a brevet-major in the United States Army, and first lieutenant of the second regiment of

Artillery; and appears in many respects to be sufficiently well qualified for giving a professional analysis of the international conflict which he has undertaken to record. It was after thirty years of peaceful government that his own republic found itself engaged in war with a neighbouring one. The real cause of the contest, however, was much older than its immediate occasion. Mr. Ripley traces it to the difference in origin of the two Republics:—to their differences in character and in religion. The Mexican Republic is described by him as being "the hothouse graft of freedom on the decayed trunk of despotism." The elevation of Augustin Iturbide to the throne of the Mexican empire led to a revolution, and on his fall Santa Anna established the basis of a republic. Meanwhile, the United States were permitted to colonize the Texas, until the year 1830. The immigrants had then increased so as to outnumber the Mexicans in that territory. The settlers wished for an independent form of government; which the Mexican congress were not willing to concede,—but which at length was won by Texan arms. The Mexican President being by the victory of San Jacinto made prisoner, signed a treaty as the condition of his liberation; and the independence of Texas was ultimately recognized by the United States, by Great Britain, by France, and by other nations. But the Mexican authorities omitted no opportunity of annoying the Texans; and outrages and spoiliations were frequent, for which no redress was attainable. American citizens and others were sufferers by this state of things; until at last American neutrality became an impossible condition, and the annexation of Texas to the United States a desirable result.—Such is, according to our author, the *rationale* of the circumstances which ultimately led to military operations.

The Mexican government clung to its nominal sovereignty over Texas, and determined to assert it by force of arms; and the Government of the United States informed that Government that the renewal of war with Texas pending the question of annexation would be resented. The Mexican Government felt strong in a large standing army—and prepared for invasion. In 1845 Texas was admitted into the American Union; but Mexico, by means of her civil wars and other internal dissensions, had then become bankrupt—and, despite her standing army, her Government was willing to negotiate. The population, however, was for war; and found military leaders in Paredes and Santa Anna—who for their own ends fomented its discontents.

Such are the conditions of the strife:—and it remains to illustrate it from these volumes by some of its characteristic incidents. The earlier successes of the American army are attributed to moral influences. American volunteers were suddenly called into the field, and appeared in unexpected numbers. "In great measure," says Mr. Ripley, "each man in the United States considers that he has a direct interest in the Government, and feels bound to support it in a foreign war." Arista, the Mexican general, had esteemed the Americans as formidable principally in skirmishing and forest warfare—and believed that General Taylor might be easily crushed by the overwhelming force brought against him at the battle of Palo Alto. In this he was miserably mistaken. The result of the action was that Arista moved in retreat to the position of Resaca de la Palma; which was soon terribly contested, the victory falling to the Americans. The advantages gained by it were,

"the vindication of the position of the United States and the supremacy of moral power, which the victory

would retain and increase, besides the safety of the army. The moral force of the victory was the greatest advantage to be hoped for in the commencement of a war, which, from the policy of the United States was necessarily to be prosecuted in the main by new levies; for the example of his veteran comrade exercises a most beneficial influence on a recruit, and hastens the time when he, too, becomes a veteran. * * * That General Taylor had at first no doubt of the result of the action, is evident from his letters announcing his call for volunteers, and his march from Point Isabel; and his dependence must have been upon the moral force of his army. This he well knew, and that the prevailing sentiment throughout the ranks was an anxiety for the battle, without waiting the arrival of re-enforcements; for a strong desire to reap the full harvest of glory pervaded both officers and men. The regular army had long been the subject of animadversion by popular orators; and the officers and men, feeling confident in their talent, bravery and discipline, were now anxious that their efficiency should be put to the test, in the commencement of the war, against overwhelming odds."

The moral force of the Mexican troops was shaken even on the field of Palo Alto;—they had been beaten by the American artillery before a movement was commenced. The subsequent manœuvres of the field were well calculated, we are told, to restore the battle and achieve success,—but "the moral force to sustain a close conflict and carry them out with vigour was gone." We dwell the more on this point because of the obvious lesson which it conveys. The language of the following extract from 'The Other Side' illustrates Major Ripley's remark that while "the United States are and have been the model of republican greatness, Mexico is the type of republican anarchy."—

"The danger hourly increased. Everything announced the close shock of the armies. The Government sent new orders to Paredes to march, carrying with him the division intrusted to his charge. But this General, seconded by some men as infamous as himself, instead of performing his duty and what his country required, rebelled openly against the Government and its institutions, proclaimed a system of anarchy, and directed his course to Mexico, to secure a triumph in his revolution. Patriotism explained his conduct, in saying that he had turned his back upon the foreign enemy to have civil discord reign, and to introduce a new element of confusion with the support of the monarchical party. This accusation so often reiterated will be made by the complaining voice of a nation sacrificed, and will also be repeated by posterity. The treacherous pronouncement of San Luis gave to General Paredes a fatal celebrity."

America, in her transactions with Mexico, has again illustrated the old "marvel, how the fishes live in the sea!"—Marry, "the great ones eat up the little ones." She has, however, gained but little military credit by the achievements of the Mexican war. They have, says Major Ripley, "their chief recommendation in the bravery and hard-fighting of the army."

"System was wanting throughout, and the various difficulties and inconveniences inseparable from the policy of the United States, in depending upon a volunteer or temporary army in any war, were fully apparent. The latter caused faulty action on the part of the authorities at Washington, and this, undoubtedly, to some extent, caused the various errors of the different generals. All errors combined made the army throughout most of the operations but little more than a forlorn hope in numerical strength, and left it unsupplied with many necessities in material. The causes of its triumphs, when labouring under many disadvantages, must be looked for in the character of the troops and in the various moral deficiencies on the part of the enemy. The bravery of the army did much, and its action astonished the world; yet it must not be supposed that, had it not been aided by the peculiar state of the Mexican nation, it could ever have achieved such triumphs. Aided as it was, its operations were of a peculiar nature, and, save in some of the details and minor movements, can never be safely quoted as military

precedents, except in case of hostilities on the same field and under similar circumstances. It may be that, at some future day, the cause of some of the evils confidently predicted by Mexicans as necessarily befalling the United States in consequence of the war, will be found in the very success of their arms; for if the same system is pursued in a conflict with another power, if the same tardiness in preparation at the outset, the same disregard of the military art, and the same rash enterprise characterize the conduct of the war as characterized that of the war with Mexico on the part of Government and generals, disasters, and those, too, of a serious nature, must inevitably ensue. The duty of preparation will be a new one when presented to the Government, and in case of the occurrence of the contingency, it will remain to be seen whether the wisdom of a future Congress, the energy of a future executive, and the bravery and discipline of a future army, can maintain the reputation for warlike prowess which has been gained."

That the American Government had to depend on a volunteer force, was an inconvenience counterbalanced by certain advantages. It precluded domestic opposition, and gave room for the display of popular enthusiasm as the crisis approached. The question was one to be decided exclusively by Public Opinion;—it rested with that to "bring forth the strength of the nation in war, as well as for all other support."

Into the fuller details of works like these before us we cannot much further enter. We must observe, however, that the command of resources exhibited by Santa Anna throughout all his reverses shows him to be a man of real genius. For the full portrait of the man we must refer to the Mexican narratives. We have the following picture of him after the defeat of Cerro-Gordo.—

"General Santa Anna, frowning and silent, letting his horse go almost at his will, and followed by a bleeding crowd, descended to the bottom of the barranca, crossed the river, and climbed the opposite height. There it was probable he would meet an ambush of the enemy, who would have killed with impunity as many as might ascend in disorder by the narrow sloping path, unable to defend themselves or to find any refuge. Having reached the summit, the General halted, and ordered Generals Ampudia and Rangel and Colonel Ramiro to collect at that point all the dispersed, that they might be drawn off in order and in the best manner possible. Then, taking to the right, he proceeded towards Encero, by a path almost parallel to the road from Cerro-Gordo to Jalapa. He was followed by a small company:—Generals Perez, Arguilles, and Romero, and the chiefs and officers Schaffno, Escovar, Galindo, Vega, Rosas, Quintana, and Arriaga, and Sra. Trias, Armendaris, Urquidí, and a nephew of his own. From the field of battle shots were still heard occasionally, fired at the wretched and defenceless men who had not succeeded in escaping. In the mean time a party of the enemy's cavalry, with two light pieces, had left there, by the Jalapa road, in pursuit of our cavalry, and were about to reach the Encero almost at the same moment with Santa Anna. On discovering each other, the Americans fired several cannon shots; and General Santa Anna, leaving the path, proceeded towards the left, in a direction at right angles to it. He wandered for a long time, uncertain, with his companions, without pursuing any fixed route, until he formed a resolution, and then proceeded in the paths leading to the hacienda of Tuzamapan. Having passed many villages and scattered ranchos, among the undulations of an unknown district, they continued their march, all overcome with amazement at the misfortune which they had suffered. A melancholy expression overspread the countenances of those who accompanied General Santa Anna. Everything around, with the presence of this man, the first chief of our nation and our army, whom, a few hours before, they had seen erect and proud, possessed of power which he exercised, and of hopes of the brightest glory, now humbled and confused, seeking among the wretched a refuge to flee to, was to

them a lively picture of the fall of our country, of the debasement of our name, of the anathema pronounced against our race. At several places the General dismounted to take some rest, and, sitting on a bench where his attendants placed it, he remained immovable, unable, in consequence of his lameness, to take a single step. A horse, which he asked for in the place of his own, was pertly refused by a curate, and all these occurrences, insignificant as they were in themselves, appeared deeply affecting in existing circumstances. About five in the morning he reached the hacienda of Tuzamapan, where he resolved to remain until the next day. Soon after his arrival, two or three soldiers of the 11th appeared, bringing with them the chest of their corps, which contained some money, to deliver it to their commander, General Perez: an honorable deed, which appears to us worthy of praise, in a few unhappy men, who were about to be abandoned in these places in the greatest misery. At eleven at night the overseer of the hacienda informed the General that he had just received notice of the approach of a party of Americans, detached for the pursuit, who were about to surround the house. Several musket shots were soon heard, at a very short distance, which confirmed the news, and it was necessary to set off immediately to secure a safe retreat. The night was so dark that the nearest objects were invisible. The firing became nearer and more frequent, and the servants of the hacienda, working mechanically, managed so that the litter prepared for the General was not ready. He therefore mounted his horse, and a servant on foot, with a candle, took his place before him, serving as guide to the party, who filed, one after the other, by a road which seemed to sink under the feet of the horses. It was one of those steep descents, leading down from the hill country between Tuzamapan and Orizava. After travelling a long time, they halted in the ruins of a small sugar-mill, where they awaited the approach of day, when they continued their march. Having crossed a river, whose current flowed on to meet that of the Junta, they came to the banks of the latter, where flowed its waters, placid, blue, and deep, through one of its highest ridges. This rose almost perpendicular, covered with most beautiful leafy groves, forming an extensive border, and at its foot stood many old trees, which, with their thick branches, threw a sombre light upon the place, and gave it an aspect truly majestic. A few fishermen, who live there in miserable hovels, took them over on a small raft, pulled by a rope extending from one shore to the other. By winding they ascended the elevation which rises on that bank, and finally reached the rancho of the Volador, and remained long at this place. There, for the first time, General Santa Anna broke silence, and in conversation expressed the idea of continuing the war with obstinacy, by appealing to the last resource which was left us, the system of guerrillas. * * *

* Passing with difficulty, the overhanging and slippery precipices, on whose tops they were travelling, where sometimes the General was obliged to leave the litter in which he had been brought to the rancho of the Volador, they stopped at nightfall, at a rancheria situated on the right of the road, in the midst of the hills. On the following day, in traversing a country like that they had left behind, they arrived about ten in the morning opposite Huatusco, a flourishing town, embellished with beautiful suburbs. It was the first place of any importance they had seen on their way, and, in the state in which they arrived, accompanied by General Santa Anna, against whom a violent hatred was excited, they anticipated an unfavourable reception. But they forgot the true Mexican character. In the street which leads into the town, had been formed a line of the dispersed troops who had been collected there; the Ayuntamiento in due form came out on foot, to receive the President-General, and to conduct him to the dwelling of the sub-prefect, where an abundant breakfast had been prepared, and many of the neighbours crowded with them to the house. We believe that reception, unimportant as it would have appeared in other circumstances, was then a virtual triumph to Santa Anna, who confidently saw in it a ray of hope of returning to power, which appeared to have been wrested from his hands, at the moment when the battle was lost. From this time he evinced more

ardour for the continuance of the war, and enthusiastically recalled the memory of General Victoria, who, in the days of misfortune to the friends of independence, remained so long in concealment, in a cavern in that neighbourhood, lamenting the oppression of his country. He directed attention to the constancy of that hero, and promised, by the exercise of that single virtue, a happy result for Mexico. In the night he despatched an express to the supreme government, with a very vague, and certainly very unjust report of the battle of Cerro Gordo, and presented himself again in the political arena, from which he had apparently been shut out for ever. On the following morning, he and his companions in misfortune departed from Huatusco, a town whose memory they will always gratefully cherish, for the hospitality they received from its inhabitants, and attended by several citizens who accompanied them, they took the road to Orizava. On the way they met a group of dispersed soldiers, on whom the General poured out his anger, uttering a thousand unbecoming expressions, and cruelly chastising them with a whip. The beautiful peak of Orizava was soon after discovered, reflecting like a mirror the beams of the sun, which fell obliquely upon its snowy summit, and in a short time the little town of Coscomatepec appeared, whose bells were heard afar, celebrating the arrival of General Santa Anna. He was received in the house of the Alcalde by the musicians of the place, and complimented with a breakfast. The General pursued his route, crossing several rivers, whose beds lie in the depths of those picturesque barrancas. Passing several little terraces carpeted with grass, at length the city of Orizava was discovered on the left, with its white houses mingled with the green groves of its environs. They proceeded by the right, through a country of a varying and pleasing aspect, until they entered by a lane through cornfields, which terminates at the gates of Orizava. Near the entrance of the city the General halted, to wait for night, and there they were met by Sres. D. José Joaquín Pesado and D. Manuel Tornel, and Generals Leon and García Terán, who had come out to receive him in carriages, with many other persons on horseback, attracted by curiosity. As soon as it grew dark, leaving the litter in which he had come, the General entered a landau of these gentlemen, and in the midst of a large cavalcade, entered the city at a rapid gait, by the principal streets, and stopped at the house of Señor Tornel. On alighting from the Coach, a crowd of curious people assembled around him, when some ill-judging flatterer broke out with 'vivas to the illustrious General Santa Anna, the hero of Tampico, and the deliverer of Mexico!' It would be very difficult to describe the bitter impression created by this reprehensible applause, which was rather a sarcasm on that occasion."

The work from which we have extracted this highly dramatic scene is rendered valuable by the number of portraits with which it is embellished of the most distinguished Mexican officers.

Lives of Mahomet and his Successors. By Washington Irving. 2 vols. Vol. II. Murray.

In this second volume Mr. Irving continues the history begun in his 'Life of Mahomet,'—tracing the progress of the Moslem dominion from the death of the Prophet, A.D. 622, to the invasion of Spain, A.D. 710. The Caliphs (in the Arabic tongue the word Caliph means "successor") whose lives are sketched are Abu Beker, Omar, Othman, Ali, Hassan, Moawyah I., Yezid, Moawyah II., the rivals Merwan and Abdallah, Abd'almalec, and Waled. The chief interest, however, lies in the biographies of the first four of these Caliphs; during whose reigns it was that Islamism was carried by Arabian valour out of its native soil eastward over Persia, and westward through Syria and Egypt along the African shore of the Mediterranean.

These rapid Mohammedan conquests, presenting an almost singular phenomenon in the history of our species, and pregnant as they have been with the most important results, furnish certainly

a splendid theme for the historic pen; and could be properly treated only by a writer who had previously followed the career of Mohammed himself, and thoroughly mastered that extraordinary intellectual, moral and political revolution which was effected under his auspices and by his sole activity within the limits of the Arabian peninsula. It is by understanding Islamism in its essence,—by comprehending its character as a new and vehement protest in favour of a pure theistic faith in connexion with the doctrine of a future life—a protest ripened in the soul of one man, and by him thundered abroad to his polytheistic countrymen till it made its way into their minds and hearts,—it is thus only that the historic influence of the Arabian race in modern times can be fairly appreciated and the propagation of that influence in the first place accounted for. It was right, therefore, that Mr. Irving, after having evolved the doctrine of Islam in the life of Mohammed, should pass on to the story of the Mohammedan wars under the Caliphs. He has, however, been even less successful in the second portion of his task than in the first. With the same defects on which we have already remarked—the same want of substance, the same affection for the merely dashing and pretty, the same easy way of blending together fact and legend for the purposes of elegant writing, the same absence throughout of all reference to distinct authorities—we miss in this new volume that element of popular interest which in some degree overpowered our sense of these faults in the first; namely, the presence throughout of one great individual figure, in whose movements by the very conditions of the case we were obliged to take a deep concern. Mr. Irving should learn that no mere grace of style will make up for the want of solid labour in a work like this; that the business of a historian is not to weave together all the showy legends and traditions which he meets with anywhere and anyhow while reading up for his book,—not to lend out his powers of language for the mere reissue in a more flowing form than usual of old jargon about "flashing scimitars," "silken tapestry," "Allah Akbar," &c. &c.—but, in the first place to separate in the most rigorous and remorseless way all the real facts from all the rubbish that has been gathered round them, and in the second place to represent those facts, and those alone, as picturesquely and vividly, it is true, but at the same time with as much of deep and general appreciation of their real import as he is able. We are provoked in reading Mr. Irving's book with the incessant recurrence of such phrases as—"The following singular story is related by a Moslem writer"—"At this time the Caliph is reported to have had a dream," &c. The effect on the reader is as if Mr. Irving had said once for all in his preface,—"I will make my story as nice as possible by putting in all the little tit-bits about dreams, omens, and such like, that I can meet with; the reader must exercise his discretion, and believe what he thinks proper." Occasionally, this absence of any care to be authentic, or to explain seeming discrepancies, shows with more than ordinary grossness,—as when we find two combatants exchanging finely composed sentences of defiance and taunt on a field of battle, when, so far as the reader can see, it is a matter of dead certainty that the two men in question talked different languages. All this we say with sincere respect for Mr. Irving's tried literary talents. Even in the volume before us there are many spirited passages written with all the author's accustomed elegance. The following, though not one of those, will be interesting on another account,—namely, as being the most recent version of the story of the burning of the

Alexandrian library by the order of the Caliph Omar. Having narrated the conquest of Egypt by Omar's lieutenant Amru, Mr. Irving says:—

"Amru was a poet in his youth; and throughout all his campaigns he manifested an intelligent and inquiring spirit, if not more highly informed, at least more liberal and extended in its views than was usual among the early Moslem conquerors. He delighted, in his hours of leisure, to converse with learned men, and acquire through their means such knowledge as had been denied to him by the deficiency of his education. Such a companion he found at Alexandria in a native of the place, a Christian of the sect of the Jacobites, eminent for his philological researches, his commentaries on Moses and Aristotle, and his laborious treatises of various kinds, surnamed Philoponus from his love of study, but commonly known by the name of John the Grammarian. An intimacy soon arose between the Arab conqueror and the Christian philologist; an intimacy honourable to Amru, but destined to be lamentable in its result to the cause of letters. In an evil hour, John the Grammarian, being encouraged by the favour shown him by the Arab general, revealed to him a treasure hitherto unnoticed, or rather unvalued, by the Moslem conquerors. This was a vast collection of books or manuscripts, since renowned in history as the ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY. Perceiving that in taking an account of everything valuable in the city, and sealing up all its treasures, Amru had taken no notice of the books, John solicited that they might be given to him. Unfortunately, the learned zeal of the Grammarian gave a consequence to the books in the eyes of Amru, and made him scrupulous of giving them away without permission of the Caliph. He forthwith wrote to Omar, stating the merits of John, and requesting to know whether the books might be given to him. The reply of Omar was laconic, but fatal. 'The contents of those books,' said he, 'are in conformity with the Koran, or they are not. If they are, the Koran is sufficient without them; if they are not, they are pernicious. Let them, therefore, be destroyed.' Amru, it is said, obeyed the order punctually. The books and manuscripts were distributed as fuel among the five thousand baths of the city; but so numerous were they that it took six months to consume them. This act of barbarism, recorded by Abulpharagius, is considered somewhat doubtful by Gibbon, in consequence of its not being mentioned by two of the most ancient chroniclers, Elnacini in his Saracenic history, and Eutychius in his annals, the latter of whom was patriarch of Alexandria, and has detailed the conquest of that city. It is inconsistent, too, with the character of Amru, as a poet and a man of superior intelligence; and it has recently been reported, we know not on what authority, that many of the literary treasures thus said to have been destroyed do actually exist in Constantinople. Their destruction, however, is generally credited and deeply deplored by historians. Amru, as a man of genius and intelligence, may have grieved at the order of the Caliph; while, as a loyal subject and faithful soldier, he felt bound to obey it."

Concluding the volume, Mr. Irving says:—

"We have thus accomplished our self-allotted task. We have set forth, in simple and succinct narrative, a certain portion of this wonderful career of fanatical conquest. We have traced the progress of the little cloud which rose out of the deserts of Arabia, 'no bigger than a man's hand,' until it has spread out and overshadowed the ancient quarters of the world and all their faded glories. We have shown the handful of proselytes of a pseudo-prophet, driven from city to city, lurking in dens and caves of the earth; but at length rising to be leaders of armies and mighty conquerors; overcoming in pitched battle the Roman cohort, the Grecian phalanx, and the gorgeous hosts of Persia; carrying their victories from the gates of the Caucasus to the western descents of Mount Atlas; from the banks of the Ganges to the Sus, the ultimate river in Mauritania; and now planting their standard on the Pillars of Hercules, and threatening Europe with like subjugation. Here, however, we stay our hand. Here we lay down our pen. Whether it will ever be our lot to resume the theme,—to cross with the Moslem hosts the strait of Hercules, and narrate their memorable conquest of Gothic Spain, is one of those uncertainties of mortal

life and aspirations of literary zeal, which beguile us with agreeable dreams, but too often end in disappointment."

We cannot say that we have any desire to see Mr. Irving execute this literary project of which he speaks so doubtfully. He may find far more suitable subjects on which to employ his talent for pleasant writing.

Thoughts on Self-Culture, addressed to Women.

By Maria G. Grey, and her Sister, Emily Shirreff, Authors of 'Passion and Principle,' and 'Letters from Spain and Barbary.' 2 vols. Moxon.

YEARS before the question became a fashionable one (no sarcasm being meant by the epithet), this journal toiled its best on behalf of a larger, sounder, more philosophical, and less conventional education of woman than was then laid out in "seminaries," or thought desirable by mothers. Without broaching any theories regarding the "right divine" and the "human wrong" evinced in the popular apportionment of the distaff to Woman and the club and lion's skin to her Master, we pleaded her cause against the injustice of society, which takes few more fatal forms than that by which it encourages her to cultivate frivolities, affectations, and artifices, as materials opening outlets for evasion and providing weapons of self-defence. We recommended to her such studies and pursuits as should strengthen her mind and clear her vision—such as should fit her for the offices of companion and friend to man, or qualify her for happy self-support and benevolent usefulness supposing her lot destined her for solitary life. This re-statement of the argument of our efforts maintained during a long period, will spare us the necessity of once again opening the question with reference to the earnest and well-considered book before us. Generally let us say, that the work appears to us commendable for its good sense, clear of hardness—for its fair admission of difficulties and disqualifications, set forth without the slightest taste of bitterness or of fanaticism. In propounding remedial measures, it possibly may fail to satisfy some of the enthusiastic and visionary female champions of "the sex"; but it cannot add a link to any chain, a hindrance to any measure of progress,—while by its temperance of tone it may encourage many to strive and to aspire, whom more Utopian theories, or more exciting counsels, might deter from efforts at amendment. One passage, we think, will prove that the writers belong to the times they live in.—

"May not, we would ask, another serious evil,—namely, the too frequent want of an earnest public spirit, and love of the public good, be traced in great measure to the general want among women of a rational interest in politics, and to their keeping apart from the great interests that agitate society? One of the dangers of a period of inquiry and rationalism (and we use this word in its true and noble sense) is, lest men should become cold in becoming philosophical, and lose earnestness of character and endeavour. The prejudices which alone govern them in a ruder condition, are generally bound up with the feelings, and act, therefore, immediately as motives; but in order that a simple conviction should have the same power, it requires that conscience should be habitually guided by reason; that whatever the latter discerns to be true, the former should feel to be right, and belonging to duty; otherwise, the convictions of the reason remain barren and without effect upon the will. In other words, a higher degree of moral development is required in proportion to the greater mental activity of any period. When, for instance, the trammels of an ignorant superstition are first cast aside, and men learn to inquire into their faith, the force which makes fanaticism almost sublime is broken down; for a time religion seems weak and cold, and greater cultivation is needed, a clearer exercise of the reason, and a more earnest

conscientiousness, to make men walk steadily forward in the path on which they were impelled of yore by the blind impulse of fear and superstitious reverence. And so with regard to public spirit; loyalty, the form it assumed in other times, was a sentiment bound up with ignorant prejudice and lofty emotions. It also was a superstition beyond the province of reason, and men did not argue about it, but they died for it. Now public feeling is founded on a different basis: it no longer assumes the form of devotion to a monarch, but is transferred (nominally, at least,) to the nation; now, men know, or they pretend to know, why they adhere to such or such a party, and hold such or such opinions; but to endow this calm product of reason with the power of the by-gone superstition, conscience must come in and hallow conviction into a duty, and convert theories into principles of action. This is the work of moral education, and that education is in the hands of mothers. Many, and unfortunately women themselves, will be ready to reply, that these things are beyond their province, but in saying so they deny their own power. It is, as we have again and again repeated, the whole tone of the mother's mind and habits of thought, which influences the associations and principles of her children; if then men early heard the language of enlightened patriotism from their mothers, can we believe it would remain without effect? If public motives and public duties had been held up to them from boyhood as things which must earnestly occupy every thinking man, would they not have looked more seriously upon them? The courage of the Spartan and the Roman was kindled by a mother's voice; why then should English mothers be incapable of inspiring their sons with the more refined patriotism which belongs to a more enlightened age? Why should they be unable to instil into their children's hearts that generous spirit which will make them feel that each man's labour, and talents, and influence are due to the service of his country; that, whether rich, and inheriting the responsibilities of property, or poor, and labouring in a profession, a career of national usefulness is open to him, which he is bound to pursue with zeal and uprightness; and that he who in the enjoyment of health, and full exercise of his faculties, would shrink from such service, and live for his own pleasures, or his small family circle alone, is as truly a craven from duty as he who would fly from the field of battle. The latter yields to a momentary base impulse, the former systematically shrinks from bearing his part in the great battle of life, where God himself has appointed him a post to gain, or a standard to defend. If children learnt these things round their mother's knee, and grew up under the influence of such sentiments, surely patriotism would be more earnest, and public views more exalted! But how can women so teach, whose whole concern for politics is the personal feeling of a partisan, and whose interest is habitually immersed in carpet-work, while questions touching a nation's life or death are hanging in the balance?"

Such an appeal to women to elevate their own minds is particularly welcome after the cautionary discouragements against feverish excitement and desultory study which occur in earlier pages of the book. In short, without pledging ourselves by wholesale recommendation, we can cordially assert that these 'Thoughts on Self-Culture' cannot be followed to a close without the perpetual quickening good and generous thoughts in the reader of either sex.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Imperial Cyclopædia. Part I.—This is a portion of a work originally announced for publication on a different plan. In a prospectus dated about 15 months ago, the publisher, Mr. Charles Knight, expressed his intention of producing under the title of the 'Imperial Cyclopædia' a reprint of the 'Penny Cyclopædia,' with corrections and additions corresponding to the latest advances in knowledge. The articles in this work were to be arranged in alphabetical order, without any classification of subjects. The difficulties attendant on so large and expensive an undertaking have, however, induced a modification of this plan,—and the publisher now intends to produce a uniform series of distinct cyclopædias on the several departments of Knowledge

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Each of these divisions will be complete in itself, and accompanied by an appropriate introductory treatise; and the whole series will be connected together by a copious Lexicon-Index, or dictionary of universal reference. Under this arrangement purchasers may possess valuable and complete cyclopædians on any one or more subjects, without the necessity of buying the whole work.—The Part now before us is the commencement of the Cyclopædia of Geography. The articles which appear in the present number convey a large amount of useful information in a compact and intelligible form. They are evidently the productions of competent writers, well acquainted with the present state of geographical science. The maps are beautifully distinct;—we hope that the editors will keep this point constantly in view. In small maps the mountains should be shaded lightly, and too many names should not be introduced, or such maps become nearly useless. Fullness, compactness, and clearness, the great requisites of a cyclopædia, are here combined in a high degree. We postpone special criticism till a more advanced period of the work.

By van Winkle, &c. By Washington Irving. Illustrated with six etchings on steel, by Charles Simms, from drawings by Felix Darley, New York. The American artists are not making steps—so much as strides—in book-illustration, if we are to judge from the series of outlines before us. These, as the English publisher warns us in his “advertisement,” have been reduced by the agency of the daguerotype from originals, on a large scale, “which have lately been issued by the American Art-Union.” In all changes, whether they be of scale or of interpreting medium, is involved some loss of spirit and character: which remark, in the present instance, implies high praise of Mr. Darley’s designs—since, even after such per-centage has been allowed for, they are admirable in point of character, humour, and that artistic simplicity which is at the farthest possible distance from either meagreness or insipidity. The group of spectral bowl-players waited on by the scared and unwilling intruder is, in particular, excellently clear of that exaggeration which most illustrators would have thrown into the design. In short, here is another very attractive gift-book for the delectation of the select and fastidious.

Gregory Krau; or, the Window-Shutter. Translated from the German of Dr. Barth. By the Rev. Robert Menzies, Hoddam. With woodcut illustrations.—The moral of ‘Gregory Krau’ is not inculcated in a fashion which we can wholly accredit; the tale being of a Colognese boy, born with a genius for painting, whose piety is rewarded by his finding on a window-shutter a treasure of *Alt-Deutsch Art* at the critical moment when his family is starving. They are all prosperous thenceforth and for evermore. Our notion of teaching would be to tell all *Gregory Kraus* to come how to demean themselves under adversity supposing no providential window-shutter were discovered.

MEDICAL WORKS.

On Tic Douloureux and other painful Affections of the Nerves. By C. Toogood Downing, M.D.—Tic Douloureux is often confounded with other painful affections of the nerves; but these latter are generally much less troublesome and more easily cured than the former. Hence it happens that tic douloureux is often represented as an easily curable disease,—but that when the evidence of its curability is brought forward we find that some other affection has been mistaken for it. In this way the cure of “tic,” as it is called, has opened a source for an immense amount of empirical practice. Medical men, on the strength of some dozen cases which were not tic at all, have set up to cure this most painful disorder without the means of treating it more successfully than their neighbours. We make these remarks introductory to the recommendation of Dr. Downing’s little book, which consists of a reprint of papers from the *Lancet*. In it will be found a concise and clear account of the various diseases which may be mistaken for tic,—and a description of an instrument for applying warmth and medicated vapours to the part affected in the latter complaint and in the other nervous affections mentioned. The instrument—which is rather pedantically called “the Aneuralgicon”—

—is a new means of applying an old remedy; and seems to us to be, on many accounts, worthy a trial. Dr. Downing’s own cases, however, are hardly sufficient to establish the value of his new instrument.

Lectures on the Parts concerned in Operations on the Eye. By William Bowman.—It was only to be expected that when a clever anatomist and profound physiologist like Mr. Bowman obtained the appointment of surgeon to the London Ophthalmic Hospital, our literature of the surgery of the eye would be speedily benefited. In these lectures we have the results of an accurate anatomical examination of the structure of the eye, with all the light that modern research and modern methods of research have thrown on this marvellous piece of mechanism. In this work we believe that the medical profession has but a small instalment of what they may expect from Mr. Bowman. We detect in it the hand of a master,—and we can recommend it to all those engaged in the special cultivation of the branch of surgery to which it relates.

The Cholera considered Psychologically. By Forbes Winslow, M.D.—Amidst the contemplation of the physical conditions which favour the development and spread of cholera, we have almost forgotten that it has any relation to mind:—unless they who suppose that the disease has been a special interposition to chastise us for our spiritual and political delinquencies may be said to have taken this view of the matter. Be that as it may, it is familiar to most that certain conditions of the mind predispose to disease. Fear of death has been known to occasion death,—and a fatal termination has been given to disease by a prementiment of it. Troops unaware of the existence of disease have marched through infected districts scathless,— whilst those who have been alarmed have contracted the infection with unusual speed. It is from this point of view that Dr. Winslow has looked at cholera. From within the walls of his establishment for the insane he has uttered a voice on that aspect of the subject for which his experience has peculiarly fitted him. He recommends that during the expectation and presence of a pestilence like cholera everything should be done to give cheerfulness, confidence, courage, hope,—and that nothing nationally or publicly should be ordered that would serve to encourage apprehension or despair. The observations are judicious and well timed:—and they are applicable to other diseases as well as to cholera.

Practical Observations on the Prevention, Causes and Treatment of Curvature of the Spine. By Samuel Hare.—Mr. Hare has very successfully devoted himself to the treatment of cases of curvature of the spine,—and in this book we have the result of his experience. We do not observe that he advances anything new on the subject, or that he enunciates principles that ought not to be known to every well-educated man in the profession; but it frequently happens that in diseases of the bony spine great and constant care is demanded on the part of the practitioner in attendance, which only those who make this a special branch of study and practice are disposed to give. That such cases, however bad, ought not to be abandoned, is amply proved by the examples related by Mr. Hare, and by the beautifully executed engravings which accompany them.

A Treatise on Vegetable Diet. By A. Nicholson.—*Dietetics. An Endeavour to ascertain the Law of Human Nutriment.* By Charles Lane.—Whilst the rational efforts of our philanthropists and statesmen are directed to the improvement of the quality and an increase of the quantity of the mixed diet of vegetable and animal food, which almost universal experience has shown to be necessary for the healthy development of the human system amongst the great mass of our people,—we have a set of fanatics who, presuming that the destruction of animal life is immoral, assume that animal food is injurious, and endeavour by a one-sided array of facts to show that a vegetable diet alone is best adapted for man. That some persons under all circumstances, and some nations under peculiar conditions, require less animal food than others, we are prepared to admit; but that this can be used as an argument in favour of universally eating vegetables and fruits alone we deny. In this country the question scarcely requires an argument; as we believe there are amongst us very few individuals healthy in mind and body who

need to be instructed that the mixed diet of the more opulent classes is more beneficial to health than the exclusively vegetable diet of the uncivilized or very poor. Still, for the benefit of those who, tempted by promises of vigour and long life, feel inclined to try the experiment of a vegetable diet, we would point to the ascertained facts, that in proportion as the people of this country are fed on an exclusively vegetable diet the vigour of their frames is less, their moral and intellectual character is degraded, and their liability to disease is increased. The statistics of the late epidemic of cholera remarkably confirm this statement,—whether we regard the nations affected or particular classes of the communities in which it has occurred. Wherever an exclusively vegetable diet has been adopted, there has this disease been most prevalent and destructive. *Air the Food as well as the Breath of Life.* By Robert James Mann, M.R.C.S.—This is evidently the production of a man well read in modern science and accomplished in physiological research; but it seems to us that the title is inappropriate and the object of the work not very clear. The author has explained concisely and perspicuously the relation which the air and the earth bear to plants and animals as containing the constituent elements of their organization; but he seems to have had no practical end in view. The book is a fragment; and we are at a loss to know who would be benefited by its perusal.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Archbold’s (F. J.) *Poor Law, Justice of Peace, Vol. III.* 4th ed. 25s.
Armstrong’s (J. D.) *the Border Rivers*, 3 vols. royal 12mo. 35s. 6d.
Bartel’s *Modern Linguist, Conversations*, Eng. French, Ger. 3s. 6d.
Batemann’s *Law of Auctions*, 3rd ed. 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Bateson and Weid’s *Statistical Companion*, 1850, 12mo. 5s. cl.
Bohn’s *Illustrated Library*, ‘Lodge’s Portraits,’ Vol. VII. 5s. cl.
Bohn’s *Classical Library*, ‘Euripides,’ Vol. II. cr. 8vo. 5s. cl.
Bolton (A.), *Lessons in the Life of*, Preface by Rev. W. Jay, 3s. 6d. cl.
Bowman’s (W. E.) *Practical Handbook of Medical Chemistry*, 6s. 6d.
Brown’s (the American Slave) *Narrative*, by Himself, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Bruce’s *Choice Selections, Recollections of late Rev. W. Howell*, 2s. 6d.
Burnell’s (A. J.) *God in Christ, Three Discourses*, cr. 8vo. 6s. cl.
Cambridge Greek and English Text. ed. by Rev. J. Schoenfeld, 7s. 6d.
Cambridge School Greek Testament, 12mo. 3s. 6d. roan.
Calmet’s (A.) *The Phantom World*, by Rev. H. Christmas, M.A. 21s.
Cliffe’s (C. F.) *The Book of North Wales*, 6s. 5s. cl.
Crutchfield’s (Dr. F.) *Theory and Practice of Midwifery*, 2nd ed. 13s. 6d.
Crutchfield’s *General Atlas*, new ed. 31 maps, folio, 15s. 16s. cl.
Curling’s (J. B.) *Journal*, Vol. II. royal 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.
Curling’s (J. B.) *Account of Ancient Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms*, 12s.
Cunningham’s (P.) *Handbook of London*, new ed. 1 vol. 16s. cl.
Fowles’s (G.) *Manual of Chemistry*, 2nd ed. 12s. 6d. cl.
Fletcher’s (Rev. J. P.) *Notes from Nineveh*, 8c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
Geary’s (J.) *Cemetery Designs for Tombs and Cenotaphs*, 18s. 6d. cl.
Holmes’s *Decline and Fall of Roman Empire*, Notes by Guizot, 36s.
Graham’s (Dr. T. J.) *Few Facts in Reply to Rev. F. Close*, 8vo. 6d.
Graham (Dr. T. J.) *On Preaching and Popular Education*, 12mo. 5s.
Holmes’s *Popular Library*, No. 1. ‘Old Humphrey’s Tales,’ 12mo. 1s.
Hughes’s (E.) *Examples in Arithmetic*, 1s. 6d. cl. 8vo.
Humphrey’s (H.) *Illuminated Book of Middle Ages*, folio, 16l. 10s. cl.
Irving’s (W.) *Rip Van Winkle*, illustrated by Darley, eq. 8vo. 5s. 6d.
Jane Eyre, an Autobiography, by Currer Bell, 4th ed. 1 vol. 6s. cl.
Kitt’s (Dr. J.) *Daily Bible Illustrations*, Vol. II. 12mo. 6s. cl.
Klondike’s (W.) *The Secretary’s Assistant*, new ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Lewy’s (Rev. W.) *Friendly and Feudal Islands*, 2nd ed. 12mo. 3s. cl.
Le Page’s *French School*, Part II. *Gift of Fluency*, 7th ed. 12mo. 3s.
Phoenix Library, Vol. III. ‘Morgan’s Christian Commonwealth,’ 2s. 6d.
Patent Indestructible Alphabet, cr. 8vo. 1s. cl.
Penny on the Royal Supremacy, Part I. *Ancient Precedents*, 7s. cl.
Penrose (Admiral Sir C.) and Capt. J. Trevelyan (Lieutenants), 7s. cl.
Popular Library, ‘Irving’s Sketch-Book,’ ‘Conquest of Granada,’ ‘The Tale of a Traveller,’ 12mo. 1s. each.
Prescott’s Works, Vol. VIII. ‘Conquest of Peru,’ Vol. II. cr. 8vo. 6s.
Railway Library, May, ‘Longbeard,’ by C. Mackay, 12mo. 1s. 16s.
Rennie’s (G.) *The Office Book for Architects*, 3s. 6d. cl.
Reid (H.) *On the Steam Engine*, 6s. 2s. cl.
Royal Calendar and Court and City Register, cr. April. 5s. index, 6s. 6d.
Ryan’s (W. R.) *Adventures in Upper California*, 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 11s. 6d.
Trenth’s *Elise Poems*, 2nd ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
True Stories from Ancient, Modern, and Eng. Hist. new ed. 5s. each.
Sollogub’s (Count) *The Tarantula, Travelling Impressions*, 1s. 6d. cl.
Sin and Sorrow, a Tale, 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 11s. 6d. cl.
Slater’s Shilling Series, Vol. XXI. ‘Dan’s Buccaneer,’ 8c. 1s. cl.
Smith’s (Albert) *Month at Constantinople*, illustrations, 10s. 6d. cl.
Southey’s Life and Correspondence, by Rev. C. C. Southey, Vol. IV. 10s. 6d.
Vogel’s (Dr.) *Illustr. General and Elementary Physical Atlas*, 5s. 6d.
Vogel’s (Dr.) *Maps to the Illustrated Atlas*, folio, 3s. 8vo.
Wayte’s (R. C.) *The Equestrian Manual*, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
White Charger (The), by Author of ‘The Horse Guards,’ 8vo. 2s. 8vo.
Willmot’s (A. F. E.) *Complete Dictionary of Signals*, 12mo. 6s. cl.
Wilkes’s (Mary G.) *Ancient History*, abridged, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.

“TO TURN TURK.”—JEWS IN OUR EARLY PLAYS.

THE phrase “to turn Turk” occurs twice in Shakespeare, (in ‘Hamlet’ and ‘Much Ado about Nothing,’) and no adequate explanation has yet been offered of it. In the edition which I superintended, in connexion with the passage in ‘Hamlet,’ act iii., scene 2, “If the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me,” I contented myself with saying, in a brief note, “This phrase seems to have been equivalent of old to a total change; and it is found in several writers of the time.” The “writers of the time” whom I had in my mind were, Dekker, Massinger, and Cooke, the author of the play known as ‘Greene’s Tu Quoque.’ Reed, in reference to the passage in Dekker

—‘tis damnation

If you turn Turk again,

—tells us, that “to turn Turk seems to have been a cant phrase for departing from the rules of chastity;” but neither he, nor the Rev. Mr. Dyce, who

quotes him, introduces any passage supporting their view,—and I apprehend that it would have puzzled them to find one. Gifford (Massinger, ii., 222) more accurately states, that "to turn Turk was a figurative expression for a change of condition or opinion;" but my notion, that "it was equivalent to a total change," is borne out by an authority I am now about to quote, which also explains the origin of the phrase. It is the first time it has been cited for the purpose,—and I met with it only recently.

It is the old comedy of 'The Three Ladies of London,' regarding the authorship of which there may be some dispute, because, although on the title-page it is said to have been "written by R. W." (i.e. Robert Wilson, probably,) we find at the end of the two printed copies (for it first appeared in 1584 and again in 1592) the name of Paul Bucke—"Finis, Paule Bucke"—as if he had penned it. The fact is, that Paul Bucke was an actor, and lived in the Blackfriars, (see 'Lives of the Actors in Shakespeare's Plays,' p. 131,) near the theatre; and the appearance of his name at the end of 'The Three Ladies of London' is to be explained by the supposition that he made the transcript, which was printed, and which he signed to attest its authenticity, and not to deprive Wilson of his claim as the author of the popular comedy.

A scene occurs near the end of the piece between Gerontus, Mercadorus, and a Turkish judge, which shows that in Turkey, according to the belief at that period, if a Christian consented "to turn Turk" he freed himself from all pecuniary liabilities,—he made "a total change" in his faith, which at once produced "a total change" in his fortunes;—and hence the explanation of the expression in 'Hamlet,' "if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me." The hero means, that if the rest of his fortunes should fail him, by changing the faith they owed him, he could still maintain himself by "getting a fellowship in a cry of players."

Gerontus is a Jew, to whom Mercadorus, a merchant, owes a considerable sum of money;—and it is to be remarked, that this is, I apprehend, the earliest extant printed drama in which a Jew is introduced. Stephen Gosson mentions in his 'School of Abuse,' 1579, that a play called 'The Jew' had been acted at the Bull; but it has not come down to us, or we might have seen whether it was the original of Shakspeare's 'Merchant of Venice,' depicting, as it did, "the bloody minds of usurers." But in 'The Three Ladies of London,' (which perhaps was brought out about the same date as Gosson's 'School of Abuse') the Jew is a personage of a very different character to that of Shylock, and shows that Jews were not then always represented in the light in which they appeared in Shakspeare and in Marlowe. This of itself is important; but my purpose is now merely the illustration of the expression in 'Hamlet,' by showing that "to turn Turk," used there and in other dramas, had reference to the sort of bribe supposed to be held out by Turks to Christians to embrace the doctrines of the Koran, since they could thereby escape the payment of any debts which they might have incurred.

Gerontus comes before the "Judge of Turkey," and complains that Mercadorus (who talks broken English, which is not the case with the Jew) owes him a large debt, to obtain which he had arrested him. The following dialogue takes place between these three characters,—and I transcribe it exactly as it stands.—

Judge. Sir Gerontus, you know, if any man forsake his faith, king, country, and become a Mahomet, all debts are paid: 'tis the law of the realm, and you may not gainsay it.

Gerontus. Most true, reverend judge, we may not; nor I will not against our lawes grudge.

Judge. Senior Mercadorus, is this true that Gerontus doth tell?

Mercadorus. My Lord Judge, de matter and circumstance be true, me know well;

But me will be a Turke, and for dat cause me came here.

Judge. Then it is but a folly to make any words. Senior Mercadorus, draw neere. Lay your hand on this booke, and say after me.

Merca. With a good will, my Lord Judge: me be all readie.

Geron. Not of any devotion, but for lucar's sake of my mouie.

Judge. Say, I Mercadorus doo utterly renounce before

all the world my duty to my Prince, my honour to my Parents, and my good will to my country.

Merca. Furthermore, I protest and sweare to be true to this countrie during life; and thereupon I forsake the Christian faith.

Geron. Stay there, most puissant Judge! Senior Mercadorus, consider what you doo.

Pay me the principall; as for the interest, I forgive it you. And yet the interest is allowed amongst you Christians, as well as in Turkey.

Therefore, respect your faith, and do not seeme to deceive me.

Merca. No point, da interest: no point, da principall.

Geron. Then, pay me the one halfe, if you will not pay me all.

Merca. No point, da halfe; no point, denere; me will be a Turke, I say:

Me be weary of my Christ's religion, and for dat me come away.

Geron. Well, seeing it is so, I would be loth to heare the people say, it was long of me.

Thou forsakest thy faith, wherefore I forgive thee franks and free;

Protesting before the Judge and all the world, never to demand peny nor halfe peny.

Merca. O, Sir Gerontus, me take your proffer, and tanke you most hartly.

Judge. But Senior Mercadorus, I trow you will be a Turke for all this.

Merca. Senior, no; not for all da good in da world me forsake a my Christ.

Judge. Why then, it is as Sir Gerontus said; you did more for the greedines of the money.

Than for any zeale or good will you bare to Turkey.

Merca. Oh, Sir, you make a great offence: you must not judge a my conscience.

Judge. One may judge and speak truth, as appears by this;

Jews seeke to excell in Christianitie, and Christians in Jewihnes.

Thus, Mercadorus escapes both payment of his debt and conversion from his faith, which he was ready enough to resign until the Jew interposed; and consented to the loss of his principal and interest, rather than that the Christian should renounce his faith so basely. Here, we see the earliest known Jew on our stage—some years before the arrival of Shakspeare in London, and of course long before he drew the character of Shylock—displaying the most disinterested generosity, and setting a most admirable example of Christian forbearance. It is not true, therefore, that the professors of the Hebrew faith were always exhibited on our early stage as such monsters of unfeelingness and brutality as they were drawn by Shakspeare in his 'Merchant of Venice' and by Marlowe in his 'Rich Jew of Malta.'

The similarity of the name Gerontus in 'The Three Ladies of London' to that of Gernutus in the ballad, which is supposed to have been written before Shakspeare's play, (Percy's Reliques, i., 226,) is deserving notice; but here, again, the characters of the two Israelites are opposed to each other: for while Gernutus insists on his pound of flesh, Gerontus is content to lose all his money rather than allow it to be said of him that he had compelled the Christian merchant to abandon his religion.

April 28, 1850.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Naples, April 14.
We have now a dead calm in Naples. Easter is past, and the Pope has left; and nothing positively remains of sufficient interest to awaken us from the torpor which the climate is bringing down. Holy Week was of course attended with its usual incongruities and solemnities. From morning till night the streets were filled with military marching by sound of muffled drum to visit the sepulchres erected in the different churches. These were the places of fashionable resort; and the theatres being closed and the Drawing-Room no longer open to receive, fine ladies met here to pray and gossip, and the *cavalieri* to inspect the assemblage of beauty. I can conceive nothing more striking than the change which seems to come down upon the Neapolitans during the Week. Gaiety and noise give way to a sober seriousness and solemn silence. A watchman's rattle, or something similar, is substituted for the sound of church bells and clocks. All are compelled to be pedestrians from Thursday to Saturday,—for carriages there are none of any form to be found in the streets; and even the Court (except in these dangerous times) walk in procession to a variety of sepulchres, amid a gaping crowd who admire royalty for condescending to be devout. There is no institution which

does not partake of the general spirit. The Lottery—that infamous national institution, beggarizing and demoralizing, as it does, thousands—is struck all at once by deep religious convictions, and the great events commemorated by the season are "hieroglyphed" on the doors of every office. Thus, 3, 7, and 33, representing respectively the number of days the Saviour lay under ground, the grief of the Madonna, and the years of Christ's life, invite the credulous and superstitious in all the attractions of blue, red and green, to make their fortunes. Cook-shops are closed, or cease to send forth their usual savoury odours; and macaroni must be eaten with oil, for cheese and animal fat are forbidden,—and not even the "Bolla" which the true Christian has bought at the beginning of Lent can relieve him from this prohibition. This "mortification," however, does not last long. On the arrival of Easter, all the bounds laid down by devotion are broken through;—all classes gluttonize in honour of the great event which the season records. The hopes of the doctor and the apothecary revive;—cooks are raving with delight;—the tongues of the bells are loosened;—the Lottery office boasts of the fortunes it has made;—and Naples once more becomes the laughter-loving, gossiping, gormandizing, "*fa niente*" Pulcinella that she was before.

These Protean forms have just passed away; and in the midst of the leisure and calm which have succeeded I have time to look around and note some of the really serious signs of the times—some of the under-currents of events which are maturing great changes in society. Of late, nothing has struck me more than the altered tactics of the retrograde and priestly party, with a view to checking the spirit of inquiry and the "dangerous innovations" which are universally springing up.—I believe I shall be strictly in accordance with the character of the *Athenæum* if I allude to some of these tactics. There is amongst the party a very perceptible and increasing distrust, then, of the efficiency of merely physical and repressive measures to accomplish their objects. It is virtually admitted that the public mind is awakening and acquiring an irresistible strength, and that the great contest must now be carried on with intellectual weapons. It is to this conviction that we are indebted, amongst other publications, for the establishment of a new periodical, under high protection, and under the management of the Jesuits. It is styled *Opinione Cattolica*,—is of the same size and form as one of our monthly magazines,—and is to appear twice a month. It is therefore worthy notice as a new feature in the periodical literature of the country, apart from the objects and intentions which it has trumpeted forth. The programme begins by observing that "the present tranquillity, as it has been procured by, so it has no other assurance than, arms. . . . Now, physical force, as being violent and uncertain, cannot be a durable, and therefore trustworthy, guarantee of the life of a people. Hence those sad anticipations with which all minds are filled in regard to the future. . . . To this tremulous state of things, lively and instinctive is our desire to apply the only possible remedy,—the only chance for permanent security and tranquillity, a new order or re-arrangement of ideas. We shall devote ourselves to an exposition of Social and Catholic doctrines,—as also to a persevering opposition to the errors, prejudices, sophisms, and Utopias which in modern times have upset the mind. To render these generally acceptable, we shall introduce lighter matter illustrative of the same truths. To this will be added a review of Italian literature and a journal of events."—Such is to be the character of the work; and though, as being in the hands of the Jesuits, its bias will of course be most decided, yet, as may be inferred from the programme, its very establishment must be regarded as a concession to the spirit and necessities of the times. The *ipso dixit* of a man or a party is admitted to be insufficient. "Hear and obey!" will no longer do. Thought and inquiry and incipient doubts are to be met by argument; and even those who are advocates for things as they are, and decry public institutions, are unconsciously moving on with the grand irresistible tide of intellectual progress.

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Another very significant sign of the altered convictions of the same party, and of the change which has come over the times, is the establishment of a kind of "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." It is the only one of the kind which has ever come under my notice in Italy,—and is thus announced:—"A Society of men zealous for the public good have undertaken to issue once a month works published or unpublished, to direct the mind to Truth and the heart to Rectitude,—to confirm the spirit in the Faith, and to animate and incite the will to Virtue." The necessity of such works is stated to arise from that "ocean of books" which has "overwhelmed Italy," diffusing impiety and working the ruin of souls. These works are to treat of Philosophy, Customs and Manners, History, and the practice of Piety; and all men are invited to circulate them as extensively as possible. The first number is announced for the 1st of May, and is entitled "Peace between the Church and State." It is a translation of a work by Droste, Archbishop of Cologne. When I tell you that the price is to be something more than a halfpenny for every sheet of 18 pages, I believe I shall have told you all.—Besides these publications, I know of nothing important which has issued, or is likely to issue, from the Neapolitan press. Theological works, it is true, are daily published; but any work of general interest would be a Phoenix.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

AFTER four weeks devoted to an examination of the Report of the British Museum Commissioners, we have thought that our readers would probably thank us if we gave them a week's breathing space ere we enter on those considerations which we have ourselves to offer in reference to the scheme of a Catalogue. To do them justice, these must be stated at considerable length; and we purpose devoting a good deal of space in our next number to speculations which we hope may engage the unprejudiced attention of all whom they may concern.

As we have from time to time shown to our readers,—the current of interest in the forthcoming industrial Exhibition is passing from land to land, and connecting nation after nation with the great peace movement. We have already stated what has been done in France; where, we may repeat, a Commission has been formed to correspond with the Royal Commission of England,—and the manufacturers and others are earnestly urged to come into the lists prepared to do no discredit to the industrial chivalry of France. In Russia, two Commissions are to be established—one at St. Petersburg and the other at Odessa—for bringing the legions of the Czar worthily into the field. Sweden has appointed M. de Strogman, President of the College of Commerce at Stockholm, as her Commissioner to the modern tourney. Norway has named a Commission:—and at Copenhagen a committee has been formed to bring Danish interests to the contest. The Central Federal Commission at Frankfurt has summoned the German States to the great muster. Prussia intends to establish a Special Commission at Berlin,—and calls on her trades to furnish their contingents. Mecklenburg Strelitz, Anhalt Dessau, Naessau, Hanover, Saxony, Bavaria, and Switzerland are avowedly preparing to take the field. Holland and Belgium have appointed Commissions; and the Government of the latter country has appealed to the various Chambers of Commerce to see her honour maintained. The same Government has decided to send a certain number of artisans, at the expense of the State, to visit the Exhibition, to complete their professional education at the best sources, in order that in their work of emulation and progress the small workshops may be associated with the large manufacturers. Spain has summoned her provinces, and issued a code of regulations for the worthy marshalling of her industrial forces. It is worth mentioning as among the stimulants there offered to successful emulation that a royal ordinance announces to the manufacturers and others that all Spanish subjects who shall take prizes in the great competition in England shall have the distinction confirmed by

some species of personal decoration in Spain, or by the publication of their names in the Royal Gazette as an especial record of honour. In Sardinia a Commission is about to be appointed:—our Minister at Turin being one of its members. The American Institute of New York is taking steps to secure the place of the United States in the great gathering: and a proposal has been made, with the sanction of the American Government, for transferring to that country such portions of the London Exhibition as it may be possible to carry over, after the termination of the Exhibition here.—Everywhere the nations are "afoot"; and on all the highways of the world are the scouts of coming forces looking towards England.

On Wednesday the first public ceremonial for the conferring of degrees by the University of London took place, in the presence of the Chancellor, Senate, and a large number of visitors. The want of a building suited to the dignity and wants of this growing institution was signally manifested on this occasion of its first corporate appearance in public. The private lodgings which it occupies in Somerset House—conjointly with the School of Design, for economy—were considered unsafe for the amount of company which the University expected to entertain; and she was obliged to borrow a room for the occasion from one of her own children who is "well to do" in the world and pretty comfortably housed. The meeting took place in the Hall of King's College. A short preliminary report made by the Registrar set forth the condition and prospects of the University; and then, the candidates for graduation were presented by the Principals of their respective Colleges. An address of congratulation was presented by a committee of graduates to the Chancellor,—who made a short and satisfactory speech in answer. "The University," he said, "had been established to recognize the great principle of rendering academical distinctions accessible to all persons of every class and every religious denomination; and they should ill have discharged the trust reposed in them if they had not taken the best precautions in their power to insure this important result, that the degrees which they might confer should hold an honourable place in public estimation."—We have quoted this paragraph of Lord Burlington's address,—because there seems some disposition on the part of a numerous body in the University just now to forget this principle of their foundation; and, as the Chancellor well hinted, the public sympathy which hailed the new-born institution will be surely diverted from your youth if it takes to bad courses and follows the ancient examples which it was instituted to shame.

We erred last week, we believe, in stating Mr. Tenynson's pension at 300*l.* a year. It is only 200*l.* Our argument against the accumulation in one person of the few literary benefices which the country bestows remains, however, untouched. While any can be found worthy of the revenues that wait on the laureate crown and not hitherto pensioned, there are claims precedent to Mr. Tenynson's by the whole amount of his pension whatever that may be.—In spite of the remonstrances of Correspondents, we adhere, too, to our argument for the abolition of the unmeaning title of Queen's Laureate,—for preserving what is substantial in the recompense and abandoning the buffoonery. The butt of sack has been commuted into current coin of the realm;—and the name which implied odes "to order" may advantageously be substituted by some designation that shall honour a true inspiration in language not carrying the badge of intellectual servitude, and suited to the meanings of the time.

The library of the clerks of the Bank of England is making considerable progress. The reading-room is preparing with all the zeal which the money of such a corporation is sure to command. It is hoped that one or two months may see the library open for circulation,—and there is every probability of its doing so with six thousand volumes.—We may add, that the present Deputy Governor, with whom the clerks' library originated, appears attached to literary pursuits; as since his government a library has been formed for the use of the Directors, devoted to monetary, banking and financial

productions. The absence of such a library hitherto does not say much for the union of literature with money-making. The room arranged for the reception of the books is fitted up with taste, under the superintendence of Prof. Cockerell. The style of decoration chosen is the Pompeian.

The following is from a correspondent.—At some considerable inconvenience I visited the Reading Room of the British Museum this morning for the purpose of making a reference to a book which I believe to be in the Grenville Collection. "Where shall I find the Grenville Catalogue?" I inquired of the attendants occupying civil and intelligent Mr. Capes's usual place. "You will find it Sir, in the general Catalogue under PAYNE AND FOSS." On explaining that I wanted the Reading Room copy, and asking if the books were not yet in use in the Reading Room—I was told that the books were being arranged; and it was very civilly added, that if I sent for the Catalogue and pointed out the book I wanted, it would no doubt be looked out for me. I repeated my question; and being assured that the books were not in general use in the Reading Room, I came away,—of course declining to ask a personal favour on the subject. The books of the Grenville Library were deposited in the British Museum more, I believe, than three years ago. They were accompanied by a Catalogue of which two volumes were printed, and a concluding third volume has since been published. If the books are not kept back for the purpose of substituting for these three printed volumes a manuscript Catalogue in thirty or some such number, why in the name of common sense have they not been got ready for general use long before this? My disappointment this morning was one of those petty annoyances which I might have put up with quietly had not its publication just now given me an opportunity, not only of stating what I conceive to be a grievance, but also of adding my protest against the recommendation of the Museum Report that we shall have a MANUSCRIPT CATALOGUE IN FIVE HUNDRED VOLUMES! instead of a plain finding Catalogue like the old seven volumes, Dr. Maitland's List, or the Catalogue of the London Library. Every literary man should, as it seems to me, raise his voice against our great and obvious want of a practical, printed finding catalogue being sacrificed to the [not] faultless monster Catalogue which we are promised,—and also against any further expenditure of the public funds on this "magnificent mistake" of Mr. Panizzi. WILLIAM J. THOMS.

We have been amused by the suggestion of a correspondent—Felix Summerly—who proposes to turn the flank of the Museum Commissions, and solve the Catalogue difficulty for the public in the form of a Blue Book.—"The Trustees," he says, "of the British Museum, the Commissioners, Mr. Panizzi, and the public will probably be a long time before they come to an agreement on the vexed question of printing a useful practical finding Catalogue. In the mean time, cannot Sir Robert Inglis be induced to move in the House of Commons that a return of so many of the printed books as are now catalogued for readers in the Library be laid forthwith on the table of the House, and that the same be printed for the use of Members? A printed Catalogue might be so produced easily in twelve months; and if printed in the same type as the advertisements in the *Athenæum*, in three columns of the usual blue book foolscap size, would fill less than 2,000 pages, or two volumes of about 1,000 pages each,—which would be sold for 15*s.*, or less, each volume. Take the present Catalogue with its MS. insertions as it stands, and the rate of printing depends merely on the number of careful stationer's clerks you please to employ to transcribe it."

We understand that there is a renewed agitation in the north-east of Scotland for the union of the two Aberdeen Universities—those of King's and Marischal Colleges. It has long been a kind of jocular boast among Scotchmen that their single town of Aberdeen, with its 70,000 inhabitants, possesses as many Universities as till lately were to be found in all England. For, be it understood, King's and Marischal Colleges are not merely distinct Colleges,—but distinct, independent, and in

some respects rival, Universities. In the new town of Aberdeen is Marischal College and University,—a beautiful new granite building, erected on the site of the ancient Marischal College, built in 1594; and, at the distance of a quarter of an hour's walk from this, situated in the village or suburb of old Aberdeen, is the venerable pile of King's College, which was founded in 1494. Each of these Colleges has its distinct staff of professors and its distinct concourse of students; and between the two there exists a kind of traditional rivalry—Marischal College (the college of the far-famed Dugald Dalgetty) ranking, as it were, as the Cambridge of the good city of Bonaccord,—while King's College, which is the gloomier and more conservative of the two, as well as the richer, is the local Oxford. The existence of two such foundations where one would amply suffice has often struck sensible men as somewhat absurd; and it has more than once been proposed to take steps for the consolidation of their revenues and interests. By suppressing the various duplicate Professorships (of Greek, Mathematics, Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Moral Philosophy, &c.) that now exist, and by other acts of consolidation, one University of much larger dimensions, and containing various new chairs that are peremptorily demanded by the educational necessities of the time, might be instituted. At present there is a kind of connexion between the two Colleges in the Faculties of Theology and Medicine,—but in general respects, the two stand quite aloof. An agitation for their union, taking its rise in the recommendations of a Royal Commission which sat a good many years ago, fell to the ground in consequence chiefly of the opposition of the King's College Professors. Now, however, we are given to understand, the question has been re-opened,—and (a few of the old academic opponents of the measure having been, in the mean time, removed by death, and replaced by new men) with greater chance of success.

We regret to find that Mr. Rae has returned to America from his searching expedition, without finding any traces of Sir John Franklin. We may add, however, that his explorations fell far short of their proposed limits.

A homage worth recording has been paid to the merits of European Orientalists in the person of M. Garcin de Tassy, by the translation into Hindustani and the publication at Delhi of his 'History of Hindustani Literature' in a folio volume of upwards of 500 pages. This appreciation by learned natives of the laborious researches of the author on the history of their own literature must be equally gratifying to the learned Professor and to the Oriental Translation Committee of our Royal Asiatic Society, of which M. Garcin de Tassy is a foreign member, and under whose auspices the work appeared.

A correspondent says:—"Will you allow me to give a hint to a certain potential body in the North.—I have just returned from a rapid visit to the county of Durham; and not having time to visit personally any of the numerous coal mines, I consoled myself with the idea that at Durham—the capital of the county and the seat moreover of a famous University—I should find at least the mineral and geological curiosities of the county duly epitomized and condensed. After having explored the College and the Cathedral,—my first inquiry was for the museum. With a look of no small incredulity, I received a direction to a *water-mill* on the banks of the river. Walking by mistake into the kitchen of the honest miller,—I was saluted by the very agreeable smell of Yorkshire pie;—and being shown into the museum, was regaled with a much more unsatisfactory odour from a badly prepared hippopotamus which it appears had been found some years ago in a damp cellar in the castle. The museum, with the exception of the unsavory brute above referred to, consisted simply of a few cases of birds (capitally stuffed by the very civil attendant), and a very few cases of minerals and fossils, wretchedly arranged. Durham being the county town of the wealthiest mining county in England—and, moreover, the seat of a handsomely endowed college,—I cannot but term the whole arrangements of its *soi-disant* museum disgraceful."

The *Morning Chronicle* speaks of an important discovery said to have been made in Oregon, which, in consequence of the great increase of commerce between that place and San Francisco, will have a material influence on trade. A new and fine entrance to the mouth of the Columbia River has been discovered by accident. The Southern Pass, as it is called, has hitherto been deemed impracticable; but two vessels, it seems, have passed through it into the open sea, and the least water found was about six fathoms. It is intended to be immediately surveyed.

The French papers report the death, at the age of seventy-three, of Baron Menneval, the well known private Secretary of the Emperor Napoleon,—and known also as the author of more than one historical work.

The Spanish Government has, it is said, instituted a Commission intrusted to draw up, from the official documents deposited in the archives of the Kingdom, a complete refutation of the account of the Battle of Baylen given by M. Thiers in his 'History of the Consulate and Empire.' The principal members of the commission are Don Manuel Quintana, General Blas, Don José Joaquín de Mora, and the Duke of Baylen.

The *Brussels Herald* asserts that a commission, consisting of M. Quetelet, Director of the Observatory, M. Devaux, Inspector-General of Mines, and M. Cabry, Inspector of Railways, has been despatched to England with the view of inquiring into and examining the different systems of electric telegraph now working in the United Kingdom.

The same paper says:—"In the neighbourhood of the Roman road which runs through La Haye, are many *tumuli*, which are supposed to belong to the earliest periods. With the view to the advancement of science, Government have purchased them from the *communes* in which they lie. On Tuesday week, the opening of some was commenced at Onal, in the vicinity of Waremmé. The examination (which is being actively proceeded with) is under the superintendence of M. Schayes, Director of the Museum of Antiquities at Brussels, assisted by an engineer, the *commissaire d'arrondissement*, and M. de Selys. It is hoped that the results of this search, with skillful management, will throw some further light on the ancient history of Belgium.

Our Naples correspondent says:—"A recent visit to Vesuvius enables me to give you a precise account of its present state and form. The old cone is almost broken up, and has assumed a new shape. To give even a faint idea of it to those who have not visited the mountains, I must enter into some details as to its former appearance. Previously to the last eruption the cone rose from the centre of the mountain; forming,—if I may be allowed so to express it,—a valley separating its inner or main cone, and rising to the height of some 60 or 70 feet. This inner cone was exceedingly difficult to ascend; being composed of loose ashes, which gave way at every step. The apex might have been about three miles in circumference,—having a descent within of about 100 feet, which persons could accomplish with slight difficulty; and perhaps there were 200 feet more thence to the bottom. In February the eruption took place on the S.E. side of this cone; breaking out in the so-called valley, and extending into the wall of the cone,—at the same time by its action destroying the outer cone to a considerable extent. The apex of the new cone is irregular, and about two miles in circumference,—having on the walls beautiful variegated lines of green, yellow, orange, and brown; and judging from the time which intervenes between the heavings, the gaspings of the mountains, or the volumes of steam emitted, calculating by the minute hand, the depth cannot be greater than 300 feet. On its northern side a mound has been thrown up, rising to the height of 40 feet. The old cone on its S.E. side is nearly levelled with the original valley, and the other parts of the wall have decreased in height irregularly and gradually to the point which joins the newly-formed cone. The descent is now easily gained, and does not exceed 150 feet."

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—The FORTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East, from Nine till dusk. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—THE SIXTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this Society is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, near St. James's Palace. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION FOR THE EXHIBITION OF MODERN ART.—The Exhibition of the works of the Polytechnic Institution. The Exhibition of the works of the Association is NOW OPEN, from Nine till dusk. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d. Single Season Tickets, 2s.

NILE—GRAND MOVING PANORAMA of the NILE, comprising all the Monuments of Antiquity on its Banks, to which is added the interior of the great Rock Temple of Aboi. Painted by Messrs. Warren, Bonomi, and Fahey.—EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.—Daily at Three and Eight o'clock.—Admission, 1s. 2s. 3s. 4s. 5s. 6s. 7s. 8s. 9s. 10s. 11s. 12s. 13s. 14s. 15s. 16s. 17s. 18s. 19s. 20s. 21s. 22s. 23s. 24s. 25s. 26s. 27s. 28s. 29s. 30s. 31s. 32s. 33s. 34s. 35s. 36s. 37s. 38s. 39s. 40s. 41s. 42s. 43s. 44s. 45s. 46s. 47s. 48s. 49s. 50s. 51s. 52s. 53s. 54s. 55s. 56s. 57s. 58s. 59s. 60s. 61s. 62s. 63s. 64s. 65s. 66s. 67s. 68s. 69s. 70s. 71s. 72s. 73s. 74s. 75s. 76s. 77s. 78s. 79s. 80s. 81s. 82s. 83s. 84s. 85s. 86s. 87s. 88s. 89s. 90s. 91s. 92s. 93s. 94s. 95s. 96s. 97s. 98s. 99s. 100s. 101s. 102s. 103s. 104s. 105s. 106s. 107s. 108s. 109s. 110s. 111s. 112s. 113s. 114s. 115s. 116s. 117s. 118s. 119s. 120s. 121s. 122s. 123s. 124s. 125s. 126s. 127s. 128s. 129s. 130s. 131s. 132s. 133s. 134s. 135s. 136s. 137s. 138s. 139s. 140s. 141s. 142s. 143s. 144s. 145s. 146s. 147s. 148s. 149s. 150s. 151s. 152s. 153s. 154s. 155s. 156s. 157s. 158s. 159s. 160s. 161s. 162s. 163s. 164s. 165s. 166s. 167s. 168s. 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read the Annual Report; which announced a large accession of members during the year. The Address comprised a eulogy by the chairman on the two principal members lost to the society in the last year, viz., the Rev. W. L. Bowles, and Mr. L. H. Petit. The ballot for President, Vice-Presidents, Council, and Officers, then took place—and the result was as follows:—*President*, The Marquis of Northampton. —*Vice-Presidents*, The Duke of Rutland, The Duke of Newcastle, The Earl of Clare, The Earl of Ripon, Lord Bexley, Lord Colborne, H. Hallam, Esq., W. R. Hamilton, Esq., W. M. Leake, Esq., The Rev. J. H. Spry, D.D.—*Council*, The Bishop of St. David's, R. Austen, Esq., Sir J. Boileau, B. Botfield, Esq., The Rev. R. Cattermole, The Rev. H. Clissold, J. P. Collier, Esq., P. Colquhoun, Esq., Sir J. Dorant, M.D., T. Greenwood, Esq., J. Hogg, Esq., W. Jordan, Esq., H. S. Kyle, Esq., J. G. Teed, Esq., W. Tooke, Esq., A. J. Valpy, Esq.—*Treasurer*, W. Tooke, Esq.—*Auditors*, H. Holland, Esq., C. A. Smith, Esq.—*Librarian and Foreign Secretary*, Sir J. Donatt.—*Secretary*, The Rev. R. Cattermole.—*Clerk and Collector*, Mr. N. Hill.

STATISTICAL.—Sir J. P. Boileau, V.P., in the chair.—Lord H. Vane and R. I. Jopling, Esq. were elected Fellows. Mr. Newmarsh laid before the meeting the substance of an extensive investigation in which he has been engaged for some time concerning the Amount and Fluctuation of the Circulation of Bills of Exchange during the twenty years 1828-1847. The only previous attempt that has been made to determine statistically the amount of the bill currency was by the late Mr. Leatham, a banker of Wakefield. Mr. Leatham's researches took place in 1840, and applied to the six or seven years preceding that date. The great difficulty in any statistical inquiry with reference to bills of exchange consists in the difficulty of obtaining by actual observation such an amount of data as will enable us to determine accurately the average sum drawn upon each denomination of stamp and the average usance. Unless these two fundamental elements of the calculation can be determined, the official returns furnished by the stamp office are of little use. In former computations the average sum and average usance of each kind of bills have been settled by estimate only. Mr. Newmarsh has arrived at greater precision. By the assistance of six of the largest City bankers, he has been furnished with returns compiled from *bond fide* bills in their possession. These returns embrace all the data which are of importance in the computation, and the number of facts which they include is considerable; they contain the results of an actual examination of 4,367 bills of exchange, representing a sum of 1,216,884*l*. With the assistance of the data thus obtained, Mr. Newmarsh has computed the amount of the bill circulation for each year, 1828-1847, in Great Britain, in England, in Lancashire, and in Cheshire. The general result is, that the average bill circulation of the twenty years 1828-1847, is in England 79,127,000*l*; Scotland 17,380,000*l*; Lancashire 10,798,000*l*. These amounts represent the quantity of bills constantly in circulation at one time. The amount, therefore, of bills in circulation in England is at all times four times as great as the amount of Bank of England notes. Mr. Newmarsh has also included in his researches the bills drawn in Great Britain on foreign countries, in payment of the exports sent from this country. This is a branch of the subject now brought into notice for the first time. He has also endeavoured to arrive at approximate statistical results with reference to the amount of capital habitually employed in the London market, and constantly at the command of the banking establishments of London and the provinces, and also as to the classes of security upon which these funds are advanced. The sections of the paper which contained the results of these computations may be regarded as among the most interesting features of the whole, both in novelty and importance. Mr. Newmarsh has not confined himself to merely statistical investigation. He has established general conclusions as well as to exhibit particular facts. One of the facts apparently most completely established by every part of the investigation is directly at variance with what has hitherto been the expressed opinion of the highest authorities with reference to the movements of the Bill Currency.

Hitherto it has been regarded as certain that the fluctuations in the amount of bills of exchange corresponded very closely with the fluctuations in the amount of bank notes:—for example, that more bank notes produced more bills of exchange, and vice versa. The investigations of Mr. Newmarsh lead to a conclusion directly opposed to this. The whole of the evidence which he has collected goes to prove that between bank notes and bills of exchange there is a very slight, if any, connexion at all; and that the causes which govern the bill currency, and lead, for example, to its expansion, are not even a period of prosperity and an increase of trade,—but the opposites of these, viz., seasons of difficulty and distress among the commercial classes. For instance, the bill circulation of 1847 is the *highest* in the whole of the twenty years. With reference to the Foreign Trade of the country, Mr. Newmarsh's investigations—and they are of great extent—lead to the conclusion that it is quite impossible to arrive at any just estimate of the favourable or adverse character of the balance of trade, or even of the magnitude of that balance, by any calculation founded merely on the returns of the Custom House; and that the only certain indications of the posture of international accounts, are the course of exchange and the influx and efflux of bullion.

The meeting very generally recognized the novelty and importance of the views and results laid before it by Mr. Newmarsh; and it was determined to resume the consideration of the subject at the next meeting of the Fellows on the 20th of May.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—The Duke of Northumberland, President, in the chair.—Mr. J. Stenhouse read a paper 'On the Artificial Productions of Organic Bases';—but it is of a character too purely scientific for abstract in our columns.

Mr. Faraday produced a magnet of remarkable power, to which he invited attention. This magnet was made by Mr. Elias of Haarlem, and presented to Mr. Faraday by Mr. Logeman of that city. It weighs 9.98 lb. and lifts 26 lb., and its power is not diminished on the keeper being forced abruptly from the poles, even though this be done many times in succession. Mr. Faraday reminded the meeting of Haeccker's formula, which fixes the greatest sustaining power of the best artificial steel magnets at 10.33 N (N being the weight of the magnet); and he stated that this magnet has twice the power expressed by that formula, and that even when a disc of letter-paper is interposed between the poles and the keeper, it will sustain the weight indicated by this formula. Mr. Faraday mentioned that the small horseshoe magnet belonging to the Royal Institution weighs 7 lb. 14½ oz., and lifts from 40 to 41 lb. (i.e. nearly 10.33 N). He concluded by noticing that this magnet of Mr. Elias would support its own weight at a single pole; and in this property it resembles the cylindrical bar magnets now made in the electro-magnetic helix, and used in the magnetical observatories. He suggested that this horseshoe magnet of Mr. Elias might probably be charged by a similar process. These magnets are manufactured in Haarlem at a cheap rate, even when possessing great power.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.—Amid the pomps and ceremonies which necessarily surround the path and make demands on the time of a prince placed as is the Consort of our Queen,—the devotion of his thoughts to the practical utilities that come less directly in his way offers an example well worth holding up to the gentlemen of England,—and not to be overlooked in a paper established for objects like ours. His Royal Highness Prince Albert brought with him to this country some of the best elements of the German mind,—and has adapted them admirably to the objects and circumstances which have surrounded him in the country of his adoption. Our readers know that the Prince is, of his own motion, at the head of a movement to which all the nations of the world are freely contributing their strength; and if in the vastness of the scheme there be proof of a genius for the speculative,—a paper sent by his Royal Highness to the recent meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society will show how eminently practical he can be. The paper was on the 'Sewage of Towns,'—and was communicated by Col. the Hon. Charles Grey.

Col. Grey informed the Council that this important subject had, along with the general interest it had lately excited in the public mind, become a matter of interest and study to his Royal Highness Prince Albert, and that he was commanded by his Royal Highness to bring before the Council of the Society, for their consideration and inquiry, should they think the subject worthy of it, what had struck his Royal Highness as being a simple plan for effecting the object in view. Leaving it to more competent judges to decide whether the sewage should be used as a liquid manure, or solidified, upon which point his Royal Highness wished to give no opinion himself, he had confined his consideration to the latter mode of application, for two reasons, namely, that in the solid form: 1. It could be more easily transported. 2. It could be obtained at the least possible expense. Col. Grey then proceeded to describe the plan proposed by his Royal Highness, which was simply this:—to form a tank, with a perforated false bottom, upon which a filtering medium should be laid; and to admit at one end the sewage into the tank, *below* the false bottom, when, according to the principle of water regaining its own level, the sewage liquid would rise through the filtering bed to its original level in the tank, and, provided the filtering medium had been of the proper nature and of sufficient thickness, it would be thus freed from all mechanical impurity, and would pass off into the drain, at the other end of the tank, as clean and clear as spring water. This simple and effective plan was illustrated by drawings, showing the vertical and horizontal sections of the tank, and by a neatly constructed model of its external form and internal arrangements. It was also clearly shown by these sections, how the sewage matter could be let into the tank, or shut off, when necessary, in the simplest manner, by means of common valves; and with what facility such a filtering tank might be applied to every existing arrangement of sewers, without requiring any alteration in their structure. The filtering medium having abstracted from the sewage all extraneous matter, would, in all probability, become the richest manure, and could, at any time, by stopping the supply of sewage, be taken out by a common labourer with a shovel, and carted or shipped to any place thought most desirable. The solid matter, too, held in suspension by the sewage, would probably form a very rich deposit at the bottom of the tank, of a substance approaching in its qualities to guano, and could be extracted by removing the false bottom, which rested on arches or vertical supporters over the sewage below it in the tank, and could be easily made to lift up or take out for the purpose of such extraction. Two tanks might easily be constructed together, so that one might continue in operation while the other was being emptied. The experiment might be tried at any house-drain in town or country; in fact, his Royal Highness had himself tried the operation on a small scale with apparent success; and while he thus suggested an important and extensive application of the hydrostatic principle involved in the plan proposed, he wished to lay no claim to originality in the adoption of that well-known law of fluid bodies by which they make an effort, proportionate to their displacement, to regain their original equilibrium. On that principle was founded, as he was well aware, the Thames water companies. His Royal Highness's great object was, by the simplest possible means to attain a great end; to effect an essential sanitary improvement, and at the same time to create a new source of national wealth by the very means employed for the removal of a deadly nuisance, and the conversion of decomposing matter highly noxious to animal life into the most powerful nutriment for vegetation. His Royal Highness, too, wished to offer no opinion on the details required to complete the plan proposed, or on the mode of carrying it out in the most effective manner. Supposing it to be right in principle, its advantages in an economical point of view could only, his Royal Highness conceived, be ascertained by practical experience; and it was on that account that he wished to submit it to the consideration of the Agricultural Society, who might be better able to carry out the necessary experiments. It would remain to be decided what is chemically or mechanically the best and what the cheapest substance for the filter;

what the best and cheapest construction of the tank; how long the sewage will pass before the filter becomes choked; and how soon the filter could be sufficiently saturated to make it profitable as a manure. His Royal Highness had used as the filtering medium, the following substances:—

1. Charcoal:—admitted to be the most perfect filtering substance for drinking water, retaining effectually extraneous matters, and well known for its singular powers of purification. 2. Gypsum (plaster of Paris, or sulphate of lime):—recommended by agricultural chemists for fixing ammonia and other volatile substances, by the decomposition to which it becomes subject when exposed to the action of volatile alkali. 3. Clay:—in its burnt state, would act mechanically as a filtering bed; and in its unburnt state, on account of its aluminous salts, has also the property, like gypsum, of fixing ammonia, or of decomposing the ammoniacal and other alkaline salts present in manure: and in either state would be cheaply procured.

All these substances, his Royal Highness thought, would in themselves be highly useful as manures, independently of the purpose they would subserve as agents for filtration, or for the additional amount of manuring matter they would receive from the sewage which they purified. His Royal Highness, however, in thus incidentally referring to the substances he had himself employed for the filtering medium, was well aware how many more of equal, if not superior, value would suggest themselves to others, who, like himself, felt an interest in effecting the important object proposed. As he had given no opinion on the general question of the liquid or solid application of manure, but had merely stated the grounds of preference, in a practical sense, of the solid form over the liquid for the purposes of the filtering operation under consideration, his Royal Highness entered into no discussion of the amount of manuring matter retained by the filter compared with the soluble matter that might pass through it along with the water, and remain in that liquid in a soluble, colourless and transparent form; nor of the value of such filtered water for agricultural purposes. He had confined his observations to the agricultural value of the filtering bed, and the rich deposit obtained in the purification of sewers for sanitary purposes."

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Mon.** Pathological, 8.
- Chemical, 8.
- British Architects, 8.—Members' Meeting.
- Entomological, 8.
- Tues.** Civil Engineers, 8.—"On the application of Water Pressure as a Motive Power, for working Cranes and other kinds of Machinery," by Mr. W. G. Armstrong.
- Linnean, 8.
- Wed.** Society of Arts, 8.
- Geological, half-past 8.—"On the Geology of Spain," by Don J. Ezquerro del Bayo.—"On some New Forms of Fossil Plants from the Lower Lias," by J. Buckman, Esq.—"Observations on Dudley Trilobites," by T. W. Fletcher, Esq.
- Literary Fund, 3.—Anniversary Dinner.
- Thurs.** Antiquaries, 8.
- Royal Society of Literature, 4.
- Fri.** Royal Institution, half-past 8.—"On the Fossil Remains of Birds from New Zealand."
- Philological, 8.
- Astronomical, 8.
- Sat.** Asiatic, 2.—Anniversary.

FINE ARTS

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

It is always accompanied by pleasing memories of the past that we visit the Exhibitions at this Gallery of what may be truly called an indigenous and national school of Art. The shades of the venerated masters who first gave life and being to that school rise up before us. We think on the broad, simple and grand sweep of Girtin,—the mountain tarns of Robson, solemn, silent and solitary,—the rising or setting suns and calm moon-lights of Barrett,—and the sturdy and massive landscapes of De Wint (the youngest shade of all), stalwart, manly and thoroughly English in subject as in manner. We feel that this Institution has created for itself a great responsibility. It has been admitted both by native and by foreigner to be original, and as yet unapproached, in its peculiar excellencies. It has been the especial exponent of the freshness of British landscape scenery,—humid, vaporous and showery, yet gleamy, bright and sparkling. It is a satisfaction, then, to find that the present Exhibition ably emulates its predecessors in the characteristics of their well-earned distinction. Of 380 productions here exhibited,—

there are many which sustain the reputation of former years.

The most striking work of this year,—and that which occupies, as it should, the place of honour,—is one which we have already introduced to our readers (*ante*, p. 210). This is *The Hhareem* (No. 147), by Mr. J. F. Lewis. Enjoying a high reputation from the illustrations of his Spanish travel and studies, Mr. Lewis left England somewhere about ten years ago,—and proceeding to Rome, executed there the last of his works which until now had been exhibited on these walls,—"The Pope blessing the People." Passing from thence to Egypt, he established himself at Cairo; and since that time he has sent nothing to Europe but drawings of a slight and unimportant nature, made for the passing English traveller. When, therefore, as we have said, it was known that he was engaged on the work under notice, curiosity and conjecture became busy as to the probabilities attaching to this new exercise of his art. Our readers already know our opinion of the result. This work does more than merely sustain the reputation which Mr. Lewis had established for himself as an artist of original and vigorous power yearly increasing under the influence of a fervent love of his art and industry unappalled by its difficulties.—Seated on a divan within that mysterious interior which has long been a subject of European curiosity, is a Turkish magnate. The scene is realized in its spirit and in its minute details,—yet so as to give no offence to Western feelings of decorum. Nevertheless, the picture is voluptuous—or it would not be true to its theme. Near to the master—just aroused from their enjoyment of luxurious repose—are his three wives,—each exhibiting distinctive characteristics and several beauty. On his left reclines—with her head and arms supported by cushions—what seems to be the favourite,—large and voluptuous in form, and looking on that which has aroused her with a proud and indolent disdain. Immediately at his feet is a younger beauty—exceedingly graceful and seemingly more tender. Kneeling at the feet of this last, is the third of the lovely trio—with features of a European cast, intelligent, curious and *espigle*—the Roxalana of the group. A half-sleeping child is embedded in the abundant draperies which flow around and about these three in rich profusion. A cat in a similar state of somnolency fills in and gives richness to this mass of Oriental luxury, with its sleepy suggestion; while a beautiful gazelle, with most graceful action, reclines at the right elbow of the lordly owner. Words can scarcely do justice to the wealth of effect produced by this combination of materials. The incident which has carried half life into this scene of indolence is the arrival of a new slave, seemingly of Abyssinian race. She has been brought in by an Arab woman, who is seated in the background—and a black and grinning eunuch is unveiling her. The figure of the slave is exceedingly fine; and the combination of the two, forming the principal dark mass of the picture, and surrounded by the sober tones of the background, make a magnificent group and give grandeur, firmness and repose to the whole composition. The expression of the slave is also fine,—as she stands with a proud and somewhat indignant air before her new master and his household. The composition is completed by a black boy on the right, bearing a hookha—whose figure is connected with the last described group by another gazelle standing on the ground between them. In the background of this part of the subject two figures are entering—one a female, bearing refreshments on a covered salver. The sun rays stream directly on her face,—and her eyes are half closed as a defence. A female attendant—black also—forms the apex of the recumbent group, with a broad smile that exhibits her brilliant teeth and a leer at the new comer which seems to condemn her pride and confusion. The apartment in which this scene is exhibited is plain; the walls being white, with beams and supports of dark wood. The only objects within it on which the riches and taste of the owner have been lavished are the windows—one of which possesses a gorgeous enrichment of coloured glass—and the exquisitely designed and elaborated reticulations of lattice work by which they are

covered to protect the room from the direct rays of the sun. Perhaps the most remarkable novelty in the conduct of the whole work is, the almost miraculous perfection with which this background is designed and completed. No interior of Noële or Steenwyk surpasses the skill with which it is wrought. The variety of delicate tones and tints spread over and ramifying all its parts—is a marvel. One of the defects in the former works of Mr. Lewis was a certain husky darkness and opacity, the consequence of his imperfect management of the "body colour" which he has always used in great profusion. No such defect is found here:—though the drawing is for the most part made up of light and silvery grey tones, all is solidly transparent and harmonious in effect. The next great advance here shown by the artist is in the grace and freedom of line which pervade the figures;—another quality in which he was heretofore wanting. The great quality of the work is, the refined taste which has designed and supervised its every part. In colour, in composition, in grace, in "movement," all is chaste and delicate; while the scrupulous and unsparring consideration and labour which have been everywhere bestowed are beyond praise. The picture has its faults, notwithstanding. At first sight there is an unsteadiness of effect, and it requires time to feel the "motive" of the composition. This is caused by some discords in the "keeping." The cushion against which the head of the principal female is reclining makes a disagreeable form, harsh and angular, and with its shadow coming too forward in effect. Indeed, such is its discordant character that it is almost the first thing we see in the picture. On the contrary, that which should tell most forcibly in this portion of the work—namely, the figure of the gentleman of the party—is weak, and sinks into the group. More force of shadow here would give firmness and consistency to the whole mass. Acknowledging the connecting value in composition of the gazelle on the right,—we think the attitude ill chosen, stiff and unyielding:—and we have our doubts about the drawing. There is a want of solidity and completion about the upper part of the drapery—otherwise very beautifully and gracefully cut—which encircles the newly arrived slave: and we think it unfortunate that both the feet of the boy who carries the hookha should be covered,—as the fact gives the appearance of their having been hidden to avoid a difficulty. Add to these drawbacks, that the head of this boy is not well relieved from the shadow behind it, owing, as we think, to the ornamented glass tube passing over the dividing outline,—and we have summed up all the obvious defects of the picture:—unless we add as one, the somewhat equivocal direction given to the gentleman's look. It seems doubtful whether it rests on the new comer or on an insect on the wall.—On the whole, however, we look on this drawing as one of the most remarkable productions of this age of English Art,—and in all probability calculated to open up a new field for emulation. There are qualities in it peculiar to the material, and which we do not think could be produced by any other known.

From this remarkable production, we turn to the pictures of Mr. David Cox. In his long and persevering career, Mr. Cox has adopted a great variety of styles spread over as great a variety of subjects. The true pupil of Nature—whether in wild pastoral mountains, in rural villages, by the sea shore, or on cultivated terrace and "pleached alley,"—his works are ever true, fresh, and beautiful. Nor does he bring to these subjects a mere unselective and accidental choice. Through his thorough knowledge of the principles of his art and a highly poetical organization, his mountain scenery is often vast, solemn, and sublime,—his rural scenes have a genial and home feeling,—and there is in his more artificial subjects an elegance which testifies to a graceful and cultivated understanding.—In the present Exhibition, together with the usual supply of small drawings, he has several large works of more than usual thought, power and fervour. That which strikes us as having most conspicuously the charm of his present fluent and natural style is, *Summer* (24). With few materials, there are a grace and felicity

of treatment in this drawing peculiarly the artist's own. It represents a hayfield, with four or five figures—chiefly females—tossing about the hay, amid a refreshing breeze. Though a large work, it has a look as if it might have been produced in a few hours—on the spot. A man mounted on one horse and leading another is passing across the field,—the farther side of which bounds the horizon. A dog follows—these are all the incidents of the scene. The clouds are light and broken, indicating one of those days of summer which though overcast are dry,—and which, with a fresh breeze, are best for the hay harvest. The sense of movement pervades every object. The hay, the dresses of the women, the tails and manes of the horses, the shaggy coat of the sheep-dog, and the wild shrubs in the foreground all feel the breeze. This work is rivalled—in the opinion of some will be surpassed—by *Changing the Pasture* (35). A shepherd has just passed a flock of sheep into new feeding ground; and they are spreading over the downs,—forming that always graceful mass in which they unerringly dispose themselves. Sending his dog after them, the shepherd is about to close the gate. Whether we look at the undulating hill-form of the field on the right,—the rich woods on the left, leading the eye to an expansive distance which bounds the scene,—or the broken and vari-coloured foreground,—all is true and in its place. The rolling, low, but light clouds move on under those of higher strata with atmospheric charm. Another and perhaps the most deeply considered of these works is, *A Welsh Funeral, Bettws-y-Cod, North Wales* (212). A funeral crowd of mourners are disappearing along a road bordered by stone walls leading to a rude church, embosomed in many trees, at the foot of a high picturesque range of rocky mountains. From the summit of these finely drawn and variously tinted peaks the mist is rolling, leaving the more distant portion of the range relieved against the broken and gleamy sky in a solemn tone of grandeur. The scene is full of the mournful sentiment of the incident which lends it a name. There are some other large and many small drawings here which equally witness to Mr. Cox's power. Amongst them, two are remarkably beautiful:—*A Farm at Bettws-y-Cod, North Wales* (256), and *Near Pandy Mill, North Wales* (366). Both have a fine solemnity and grandeur of tone.

Few artists of the British School deserve the praise of originality of genius more than Mr. Cattermole. With a mind teeming with romance, he possesses all the merely artistical qualifications of fine composition, colour, and light and shade,—together with a well-stored retentive memory for individualities and great mastery of hand. He does not, however, exhibit himself in great force in this year's collection. He has contributed only small drawings, and those in his slightest manner. We have reason to believe that this is attributable to his having of late years devoted his energies—rather late in life—to the study of all painting. But whatever comes from his hand, however trivial, has the charm of mastery; and these examples are no exception. One drawing of a subject that we have seen more than once treated by him before, a *Scene with Macbeth and the Murderers of Banquo* (318), is the most important and powerful of his present contributions. Here there is an entirely new reading—at least so far as picture is concerned—in the introduction of the witches partially hidden behind the throne, one of whom is reaching forward and squeezing venom from the throat of a serpent which coils round her arm into a cup standing on a salver by the side of the King. This introduction is a poetical licence, of a kind which, however allowable it may be here, our readers may remember that we have had occasion to rebuke on the stage. There are three other subjects in one frame from the same play (294). The first contains Macbeth and Banquo on the heath, with the witches making "themselves air." The mingled mass of confused drapery in which the weird sisters are involved as they rise from the ground gives to them a fine air of mysticism. The second is the Murder of Duncan. Macbeth, with his knee on the bed, is starting round at the noise made by the uneasy-sleeping guards, seen in the

distance. The third is the Incantation Scene:—Macbeth horror-struck at the ghastly procession closing with "blood-boltered Banquo." The whole are fraught with the supernatural poetry of the original. There are also two frames containing each three small drawings by the same artist, showing the history of a quarrel between two knights of "the olden time." In one frame, the first represents *The Offence*,—the second *The Challenge*,—the third *The Sword* (285); in the other the first gives *The Departure*,—the second *The Combat*,—the third *The Issue* (299). In the first (of the first frame) one of the knights has retired some distance from and is looking back on the castle, brooding over his revenge for "the offence." In the second, armed *cap-à-pie*, he has disturbed a scene of banquetting within to challenge his wronger,—and a young female sinking on the shoulder of the host, her father, suggests the cause of affront. In the third, the challenged is in the armoury, the armourer presenting to him a sword and apparently expatiating on its previous achievements. The first in the other frame represents the young knight leaving the castle for the combat, armed and mounted,—the retainers with various expressions of doubt or sorrow ranged on either side the gate. In the second, is presented the scene of strife. In a retired glade, each attended by only his squire and a monk to shrive the fallen, their lances shivered, but yet mounted,—the combatants are fighting desperately, hand to hand. "Last scene of all," the third shows one warrior dead on the ground, mourned over by his faithful attendant; and a little way removed, in the garb of a page, is a figure with hidden face that suggests the idea of a young female in disguise. In the distance is a group bearing away the body of the wounded or dying rival. The whole presents a charming series, full of the picturesque poetry of the period. Mr. Cattermole's other drawings are, a *Scene from Woodstock*; *Sir Henry Lee and his Daughter joining in the Church Service at the Keeper's Lodge* (330)—differing from the rest, especially in its beautiful silvery tone of colour; a *Sketch* (344),—a Venetian scene, like Bonington, with richly-coloured figures telling against a light grey distance, very spirited; and *Interior, with Monks Reading* (377),—a very fine composition, though slightly treated—but, on the whole, a little more artificial in tone and colour than the rest. The execution of this last is exceedingly vigorous and masterly.

Of four drawings contributed by Mr. F. W. Topham, and which sustain his reputation—though we could wish to see a little more individuality of detail in his heads—the most important in size, and in every way the most completely studied and carried out, is *Highland Pastime* (31). A kilted piper is playing vigorously to a dancing couple near one or two Highland bothies on the border of a lake, with mountains in the distance. A woman with her distaff and three or four other figures are looking on at the merry scene. The male dancer is admirably drawn, and with a precision of touch and handling which is wanting in Mr. Topham's general manner. The accessories are all in harmony,—and convey the sense of reality and local truth, although very broadly and massively treated, and with an entire disregard to minute detail. We think the artist carries this feeling a little too far, and becomes occasionally somewhat too loose and vague:—a fault, however, with which the present drawing can scarcely be said to be chargeable. *Home* (125) and *The Return* (130) suggest a little story of a pleasing sentiment. In the latter an old Highland soldier just returned into his native glen has almost grown out of the recollection of his daughter; who receives him with an expression of doubtful recognition,—and who with her mother, now just emerging from the cottage, were the quiet inmates of the "Home" of the other drawing. His faithful dog is just beginning to recognize him. The fourth and last of this artist's works—which is more than usually sharp in execution and bright in colour—is *Highland Interior* (298); an infant offering to its delighted mother a taste of its food. It is very sweet and pleasing in domestic sentiment. Mr. Topham's style—characterized by breadth of manner—sometimes verges a little towards man-

nerism; but there is always a pleasing harmony of tone and colour in his works.

WESTMINSTER HALL AND OPEN ROOFS.

THE tone of Mr. E. L. Garbett's letter in last week's *Athenæum* is of so ungenial a kind, that it is with some little hesitation I venture to put forth a few remarks in reply. He is evidently strongly prejudiced to his side of the question, and perfectly satisfied that he knows a vast deal more than the rest of us on the subject.

I think it will be admitted by many that there are several finer examples of open timber roofing to be found than that at Westminster Hall; but that it is *per se* bad and inappropriate any one who has dispassionately studied the subject will, I am convinced, flatly deny. Let us, however, examine Mr. E. L. Garbett's arguments against it, and see what they are worth. He commences by quoting the late Mr. Bartholomew. No one will deny that this gentleman was a thoroughly practical man, and an excellent authority in all matters connected with construction; but few I think will admit that his 'Practical Architecture' is an authority in matters of beauty and taste. Mr. E. L. Garbett, however, does not quote him fairly. If he turns to chapter 50 he will find that the construction and trussing of roofs is asserted to be "beautiful, simple, and on highly scientific principles." But perhaps Mr. E. L. Garbett will say that this is in reference to tie beam roofs. True, it is so; but are not many perpendicular roofs constructed on the tie beam principle?—as at Outwell in Norfolk,—St. Martin's, Leicester,—St. Mary's, Devizes,—and many more that I could name. Besides which, I could easily show by the assistance of a few diagrams that it is possible to construct the hammer beam and other trussed roofs on the principle of the tie beam. Again, it is possible that even without a tie beam timber roofs may be so constructed as to stand for ages without thrusting out the walls below, (this is generally the great objection that is urged against them). For instance, in a church lately placed in my hands for restoration—viz. St. Peter's Mancroft, Norwich,—there is a very beautiful example of perpendicular roofing, (given in the last edition of Rickman). This has stood for upwards of three centuries, and yet I question very much whether the walls have swerved the tenth of an inch from the upright.

Mr. E. L. Garbett's second authority strangely begins thus:—"Westminster Hall exhibits a specimen of the false taste of Norman roofs!" This is a sad exposure of Dr. Robison's ignorance of Gothic, or as Mr. Garbett quaintly calls it "Compressible" architecture. This, mark you, is "the man who though not an architect knew two things which many called by that name never learned—viz., first, what architecture is, and secondly, what Gothic architecture is."—yet he calls a pure perpendicular roof Norman! The Doctor, however, goes on to say that the "essential parts" are "very properly disposed."—and again he says, a little further on, "the structure of a roof may therefore be exhibited with propriety, and made an ornamental feature."—Surely Mr. Garbett's own authority condemns him.

The next paragraph contains a very curious assertion:—"They never tried it (open roofing) but during the decline of their system, and then I believe only in this country."—This is no slip of the pen, for the writer again alludes to it in his fifth "reason," when he says stone vaulting "is consonant to the taste of all past nations and classes except the Tudor barn builders." Mr. Garbett is evidently ignorant that Polebrook, Raunds, Kiddington, Gifford, and fifty other examples of decorated timber roofing still remain,—and that even portions of early English and Norman are occasionally to be found. Mr. Rickman says:—"The Norman wooden roof was often open to the actual frame timbers, as we see still remains to this day,—as at Rochester and Winchester."* Yet Mr. Garbett asserts "that they never tried it but during the decline of their system."

Let us look for a moment at Mr. Garbett's "twelve reasons," and see what they are worth.—No. 1. "It (stone vaulting) renders the adoption

* Since destroyed.

of Gothic work possible instead of its mimicry." This is a little side dive into the question so often of late mooted in your contemporary the *Builder*,—and is certainly worthy of his special attention. Here is the problem solved; and the question "Are architects to copy?" need never again be put. Only adopt stone vaulting, and every architect will at once be able to design original doorways, windows, towers, piers, buttresses, &c. !—Reason No. 2. "It leads to geometric and beautiful (because thought-exacting and trouble-giving) varieties of plan." This is rather vaguely put. Does the writer mean variety in plan of building or of roof? If the former, I should like to know how vaulting would influence the arrangement of a building:—if the latter, the variety is not more easy to obtain in stone-work than in wood-work. Reason No. 3. "By requiring knowledge and skill, it shuts out ignorant professors." I unhesitatingly assert that the proper construction of wood roofing is equally as difficult as the present mode of vaulting with stone. Reason No. 4 states that it renders a building nearly fireproof:—and this I readily admit. Reason No. 5. "It gives without paint a ceiling at least as light coloured as the walls, which is consonant to the taste of all past nations and classes except the Tudor barn-builders." This I fancy I have already proved to be untrue.—No. 6. "For the same reason it renders less window surface necessary by day and less artificial lighting by night." Mr. Garbett evidently when he wrote this was thinking of the window tax,—otherwise what is the advantage of small "window surface"? or does he think that a building without windows would be the perfection of beauty?—No. 7. "It greatly impedes the passage of heat from within or without." Whether this is altogether an advantage is rather questionable.—No. 8. "It alone renders efficient ventilation possible, as I could easily show." This is another rather vague assertion,—one to which I fear Dr. Reid would not subscribe.—No. 9. "It keeps off the dust from the roof, and harbours none itself." A glance at Henry the Seventh's chapel will not bear out this assertion.—No. 10. "It has boldness of light and shade; which no depth of relief can possibly produce in a structure situated above the tops of the windows, especially if of a dark colour." If depth does not produce boldness of light and shade, most of us have yet to learn the first principles of producing effect:—whether it is above the windows or not matters but little, owing to the reflected light that must necessarily be in every room large or small.—No. 11. "It keeps out external noise." The exact amount of sound that penetrates the roof of Westminster Hall I cannot say; but common sense would lead me to believe that all noise finds its way through windows, doors, and other openings, and not through brick walls or 7 lb. lead.—The last reason set forth is—"It is found to enable a large assembly to hear the same speaker." This again is questionable. The re-vibration that takes place in a vaulted building is generally so great that a confused and indistinct murmur is the result, rendering it perfectly impracticable to distinguish a word that is said.

In conclusion, I would add that I readily admit that stone vaulting is very fine, and capable of being made as beautiful as any open timber roofing:—but this is no reason why the latter should be banished and discarded for ever from use.

R. M. PHIPSON.

[** It was right that an opportunity should be afforded for some one in the profession to answer Mr. Garbett—whose challenge to "all and every" was certainly somewhat cavalier. But we cannot continue the discussion in our columns. The *Builder* or the *Architect* furnishes, either of them, a more appropriate arena for this professional battle.—We may mention, for ourselves, however, that Mr. Welby Pugin is a champion against the cause which Mr. Garbett maintains. The former speaks of the roof of Westminster Hall in the most encomiastic terms.]

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—A third dramatic performance is about to take place by the same body of amateurs who on two former occasions contributed their services of the same kind in aid of the funds

of the "Artists' General Benevolent Institution." These funds are collected for the relief of all artists in distress, their widows and orphans,—the fact of the distress forming the qualification which entitles to the immediate exercise of the Society's benevolence. Unhappily, the claimants are sufficiently numerous to make every worthy effort by which its funds can be recruited an object of importance in the profession and of interest to those who desire to promote it.—The pieces selected for the performance are, 'The Rent Day' and 'The Poor Gentleman.'

The new building for St. Martin's Northern Schools, in Broker's Row, Long Acre, will no doubt take many by surprise,—it has risen up so quietly. No promise has been made in its behalf by newspaper trumpeting. To some the surprise will be an agreeable one,—as it has been to ourselves:—others the building will scandalize by its singularity. It will incur the reproach of running counter to all precedent and to every style practised by us; since it answers to the name of neither Norman, Gothic, Elizabethan, Roman, Italian, nor Renaissance,—but exhibits a free application of forms and elements derived from various styles and fused together very artistically. There is nothing in it borrowed or otherwise transferred from the usual *secundum-arten* exemplars and authorities. The design is entirely Mr. J. W. Wild's own; and it is moreover not at all indebted to either material or ornament,—the former being merely red brick (of a superior kind, indeed) without any intermixture of stone to relieve it, excepting just the pillars of the low open colonnade above,—the other consisting only in a very few simple architectural mouldings. There is, in fact, scarcely anything to speak of or describe in this edifice; nevertheless, there is in it far more of striking physiognomy and effect than we are accustomed to meet with in buildings of much greater pretension, and which possess the advantage—or, as it sometimes turns out, the disadvantage—of ornament bestowed on them. The open colonnade above mentioned at the top of the building deserves notice as marking an admirable instance of contrivance for obtaining large advantages out of small resources. In London, the playground to the parish school is commonly the street, with all its liabilities to material accident and moral contamination. Now, Mr. Wild out of the confined plot of ground at his disposal has got a private playground of his own for the scholars for whom he had to contrive. The upper floor is wholly appropriated to the purpose; and there, lifted above the pollutions and jostlings below, the parish children may add the benefits of air and exercise to the benefits of education provided for them down stairs.—What is to be regretted is, that Mr. Wild's building was not erected at the corner adjoining Endell Street; because there it would have shown itself very conspicuously,—whereas, now it will be comparatively shut out from notice when the houses at that corner come to be built.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Subscribers and the Public are respectfully informed the FIFTH CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on MONDAY EVENING, May 6. Programme: Sinfonia, No. 8 (Beethoven), Quartet, Messrs. Blackve, Sainon, Hill and Lucas. Concerto in C minor, Piano-forte, Mr. Lindsay Sloger (Mozart). Overture (M.S.), 'The Tempest,' J. Henry Griegsch. The First Walpurgis Night, (Mendelssohn Bartholdy).—Vocal Performers: Miss M. Williams, Mr. Benson, Mr. H. Phillips, and chorus. Conductor, Mr. Costa.—Single Tickets (with Reserved Seat), 2s. 6d.; Double Tickets (ditto), 5s.; Triple Tickets (ditto), 8s. 6d.—to be obtained of Messrs. Addison, 210, Regent Street.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—With regard to the second meeting of the *Beethoven Quartet Society*, we need only say that Mr. W. S. Bennett was the pianist,—and that the second Razumouffsky Quartet, as given, was worth the price of the entire subscription to all such as relish the finest performance of the finest music. Yet this is the year of all years when the Philharmonic Directors, with a perversity which is almost sublime in its senility, choose to inflict on the subscribers to their grand orchestral concerts chamber music now abundantly to be heard far better given, in localities expressly adapted to it:—a Quartet, we perceive, being selected to deter many from their concert on Monday next. Of this folly

we shall have more to say.—Mr. Osborn's annual *Matinée* was held on Thursday.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—What has become of Ricci's 'Prigione d'Edimburgo'?—What of Lortzing's 'Burgomastro di Saardam'?—What of Auber's 'Il Domino Nero'?—In place of any such novelties, constant as a martyr to the pernicious star-system, Mr. Lumley has been giving a round of worn-out operas because he wishes to make "a hit" with the voice of Signor Baucarde. This we believed might be done till we heard the new tenor,—an account of whom coming after the panegyrics of the rapturists will cut but a poor figure. Signor Baucarde possesses a sweet, genial, southern voice, extensive in compass, delivered with great ease, but with a certain languor and sentimentality in its tones which we are disposed to ascribe to partial development. Till power and brilliancy can be added, Signor Baucarde is naturally only better than Signor Gardoni by a note or two,—without Signor Gardoni's elegance of stage presence or experience as a singer; and hence if Signor Gardoni is to return, we cannot conceive what manner of special occupation is to be found for either. In the 'Linda,' Mlle. Ida Bertrand made her debut as *Pierotto*. This lady is not so much a *contralto* as a *mezzo-soprano*, who avoids the low notes of her part and sings steadily though somewhat heavily. Inasmuch as Madame Sontag is of consequence to *Her Majesty's Theatre*, the management should refrain from over-working her. A little more, and the hint may be given too late.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Rarely if ever has London been more competently tenored than now. The *prime donne* must look out lest the balance of power be disturbed.—Not overlooking Mr. Lumley's array, the new cast of 'La Donna' gave us Signor Mario for the disguised King and Signor Tamberlik for the *Roderick*. The former is this year singing like one determined to keep his throne lest tenors be ever so many and Tamberlikers ever so brilliant and passionate. In an interpolated *scena* from Pacini's 'Amazilia' Signor Mario works all manner of *falcetti* wonders: which amazing feats we never admired in Rubini, and have not as yet learned to relish. But beautifully and gracefully impassioned was the *cantabile* which opened the *aria*,—given with such a union of charm and fervour as makes the *beau idéal* of tenor-singing in sentimental music. Signor Tamberlik's *Roderick* is the best we have ever seen; and his delivery of the *cabaletta* 'Sorte secondami,' introduced from 'Zelmira,' is a lesson in its power and spirit. His recitative is noble,—belonging to the grand school of Pasta and Duprez. Mlle. de Méric's *Malcolm* is fair, not more. No study possibly will ever give her tones the rich sweetness of Mlle. Albioni's. Her voice is at present stiff, but it will repay as well as require assiduous and unremitting practice. She has gained in style and in confidence since last year.—'Les Huguenots' was produced on Thursday, with Herr Formes as *Mars*.

DRURY LANE.—The tragedy of 'Antigone' was reproduced on Wednesday at this theatre,—in emulation of its performance at Covent Garden a few years back. The impersonations by Mr. Vandenhoff and his daughter of the tyrant and the heroine were distinguished by their old excellence. The classical severity of the style of these artists accords with the subject. On the whole, we think that Miss Vandenhoff not only sustains her previous reputation in the part of the heroine, but has improved. The statuesque propriety of her attitudes, the measured graces of her elocution, the harmonious intonations with which she accompanied the music, and the occasional sweetness of the more emotional phrases, were all admirable. Mendelssohn's music was sung by the chorus of the Italian Opera; which, though still unsatisfactory, was probably as good as the management had the means of commanding. The representation was quite successful.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Having, on the occasion of his first essay [*Athen*, No. 1055], credited Signor Schira with power to improve, we were disappointed at finding his second opera, 'The Orphan of Geneva,' inferior to his 'Mina.' The new work contains little or no melody, as distinguished from phrases in Italian

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which are every one's property,—no advance in its orchestral treatment;—and the only piece possessing a certain individuality is the effective unaccompanied *morosino* in the first *finale*, which, though very difficult, was well executed. In truth, the production is one to have been passed over in silence had not the audience resolved otherwise. More brilliantly received a new 'Barbieri' could not have been. So long as—and wherever—such welcomes are possible to such music, there is no chance for English—or for any—opera. Trash cannot be accepted as though it were treasure, without harm all round: and such pain as our open protest may give to Signor Schira is chargeable on his friends and the public,—not on any ill-will of ours. Of the *libretto*—an arrangement of an old *melo-drama*, 'Thérèse,' happily laid aside for many years past—we decline speaking. Miss Pyne sang with great steadiness, finish, and volubility. Her voice more than once sounded tired,—but how can it be otherwise after having sung six nights a week for four months? The other principal vocalists were Mr. Allen, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Latter. The last gentleman articulates so clearly as to make it worth his while to nourish his limited voice with a view to *buffo* occupation. Let us hope that he or any one else thus "plotting" comicality may find better occupation than the *aria* with which Mr. Wynn favoured us,—in which *Cremorne* familiarities were set to *faded* Italian phrases. Yet this, too, got its rapturous encore.

SURREY.—A new three-act drama, under the title of 'The Fugitive, or Duty and Honour,' was produced on Monday at this theatre, with marked success. The plot of this piece is not unlike that of 'The Wife's Secret'; but the comic preponderates over the tragic interest in the development of the one before us. It turns on the secret protection afforded, in the Highlands, by Lady Catherine Forbes (Madame Ponisi) to Prince Charles Edward (Mr. Shepherd)—and the consequent doubts occasioned in the mind of her husband, the English King's Commissioner, Sir Duncan Forbes (Mr. Creswick), who detects their interviews. The lady is called on for all the resources of her wit; and with ingenuity resembling that of an Italian wife, contrives to turn the tables on her husband. His jealousy she meets with an affected jealousy of her own,—till overwhelmed by the strong apparent proofs of her guilt. After a series of involvements at once interesting and amusing, the fugitive is placed in such a position as to be compelled to consult his honour rather than his safety. Having left the "damning proof" of his sword in the lady's chamber at the moment of escaping through her men's—he is driven by his chivalric feeling to return, and explain the circumstances to the maddened husband, at the risk of almost certain destruction to himself. After a struggle, Sir Duncan determines on sacrificing his gratitude as a man to his duty as a magistrate. He is on the point of giving up the preserver, now of his peace—and, famously, it appears, of his life—when the latter is rescued by a party of highlanders who have mastered the Duke of Cumberland's troops. Of course, the Commissioner has to yield—gladly, it may be supposed—to the physical force which thus opportunely saves him from the remorse of a too stern duty. The second act of this very pleasing drama had extraordinary success; and the whole is highly creditable to its author, Mr. Moreno. On the first night, when we saw it, it wanted some little curtailment to relieve it from certain crudenesses which marred a piece on the whole of most artificial and skilful construction.—The part of Sir Duncan Forbes was rendered with much point and force by Mr. Creswick; who in such characters displays a greater variety of talent than in his more severe assumptions. The demands made on Madame Ponisi's energies by the situations in which Lady Catherine is placed were well suited to the powers of this clever and graceful actress. Miss Laporte, as a pert attendant, was exactly suited with a part.

The evening's amusements were wound up with a dramatization of the tale of 'Lizzie Leigh' from Mr. Dickens's *Household Words*. The piece was in two acts; and one more revolting we have not seen presented on the stage since the worst times of the *Surrey* drama. The story, very clever and touching, has yet some sickness of sentiment and questionable

morality in its original place; but its incidents are wholly unfitted for presentation on the stage. We hope to see no more catering to a vitiated taste like this in a now professing haunt of the legitimate drama.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—At the next meeting of the *Musical Union* Mendelssohn's post-humous Quartett in *F* minor is to be performed, for the first time in public,—Herr Ernst being the leader. The attention of all who appreciate the very highest order of chamber-music can hardly be too earnestly directed to this Quartett. When it shall have been produced, there will be left to be heard only a new Quintett for stringed instruments as completing the writer's chamber compositions. It is rumoured that Mrs. Anderson intends to bring forward Mendelssohn's choral music to 'Edipus' at her benefit concert. This, and a short *finale* from 'Loreley,' which is complete, will close the list of his theatrical music—unless 'The Wedding of Camacho,' a work of his boyhood, should be revived. Beside these, there remain still a Psalm in *G* minor, if not more Psalms,—a slight showy Overture, with which we heard Liszt serenaded at Mayence by the bands of the regiments at Cassel, and some scattered pianoforte compositions—to be produced.

Within the last few days new lights have been thrown on the reign of Queen Elizabeth and the secret history of Shakespeare, at the *Opéra Comique* of Paris;—where 'The Summer Night's Dream,' written by M.M. Rosier and Leuven and set by M. Thomas, has just been produced. In this "marvellous piece" we learn that Queen Bess was in love with the Poet,—and that Sir John Falstaff was one of her subjects. The French dramatists, we fear, have confounded Oriana with *Mistress Page*; and making of her a "Merry Wife of Windsor," have turned Anne Hathaway's husband into another *Master Fenton*. M. Coudere was the Poet. The music to this funny book is described as clever.—Shall we next have a *ballet* in which Swift shall be privately married—not to *Stella*—but to *Mrs. Morley*?

Our prophecies with regard to Mdlle. Alboni's ambitions are to be realized: the lady being about (as Pasta used to announce it) to "attempt" the part of *Fides* at the *Grand Opéra* of Paris, during the absence of Madame Viardot.—Mdlle. Angri, we perceive, is announced for the last six *Wednesday Concerts* of the season.

We must now turn to our correspondents. A lively letter from an eye-witness, describing Madame Viardot-Garcia's warm reception at Berlin, gives a trait or two from which peradventure even persons not pretending to *clairvoyance* might deduce good reason why operatic composers thrive so queerly in Germany:—why, for instance, a Marschner can be forgotten while a Flotow is followed from Kiel to Cilli.—Herr Lichtschek, who sang with Madame Viardot in 'Les Huguenots,' was excellent," says our informant, "but not valued by these curious Berlin folk. They are so cold!—I had fancied that the Germans were naturally people of taste in regard to music;—however, I find them applauding a man who knocks his heels in the air with more warmth than they bestow on the tenor."—Yet we dare say that some early post will bring us the history of M. Meyerbeer's coronation on the stage as composer of 'Le Prophète,' with the list of those "who walked in the procession!" Verily, the Von Raumers and other such high-flown tourists—in the face of our London shop-keepers, and what they have effected in the establishment of grand musical performances—in the face of our Royal Italian Opera, to support which Government pays nothing—will do well, till they can bring forward cases of home-rapture better apportioned than the above and others which we have lately chronicled, to refrain from again sneering at our wretched taste in England.—*À propos* of Teutonic enthusiasm, another contributor begs us to inquire what has been done in Leipzig, or in any part of Germany, with regard to the Mendelssohn Scholarships which were to be founded in Leipzig? The English (or, "to speak by the card," Mdlle. Lind's) contribution, as we believe, lying in the bank awaiting some reciprocal manifestation from the other side of the water.

A third correspondent, confirming our last week's news from Naples concerning the distressed state of

the Opera houses there, mentions two expedients proposed for the revival of their prosperity. "One is, a tax on all foreigners entering the kingdom,—another the appropriation of the proceeds of the national lottery on the first Saturday after Christmas and Easter respectively towards the object. On those days, be it observed, the lottery is now always suspended on the supposition that the poor will have literally devoured all their substance during the previous week. The proposition is to revive the lottery on those two days and tax the poor for the benefit of the Opera."

A friend at home who asks us why only two of Mozart's operas are performed in London, forgets that we are not managers: moreover, he can hardly have carefully studied the *Athenæum*, where the causes of such neglect have again and again been indicated. To humour him, however, we will once again point them out. They are clearly discernible by such common sense as regards every side of the question, and as recollects that no theatre ever was or ever will be kept open exclusively for students and scholastic dilettanti. The operas of Mozart have been laid aside partly because their stories are obsolete, puerile, and not dramatically interesting,—as may be said of 'Idomeneo,' 'Il Flauto Magico,' 'Così,' and 'La Clemenza,'—partly because, like 'Il Seraglio,' they demand exceptional voices. The music of all ('Il Flauto,' perhaps, excepted) is chargeable with occasional feebleness and conventional tediousness,—sanctioned by the taste of the day and occasioned by the haste with which they were written. To remodel them would not be easy; and were it permissible, this is not the time, seeing that pedantry runs so high that any singer who graces Mozart (in spite of Mozart having written for singers who were "nothing if not" graceful) is sure to be questioned by solemn coxcombs. Now, too, we are used to hear the supplementary songs of the operas represented called for, in addition to those for which they were substituted or by which they were replaced: much as if a *Sir Huan* was blamed for not singing both of the *scenas* written by Weber for the same situation in 'Oberon'!—But on all these points, we repeat, we have discoursed, directly and indirectly, for the past dozen years.—To this statement of a twenty times told tale it may be added, that a vigorous attempt at operatic revival is about to be made at Vienna. There, not merely Mozart's 'Clemenza' is to be reproduced, but also the operas to which Caldara, Hasse and Naumann successively set the same *libretto* by Metastasio. For antiquarians and students nothing can be imagined more interesting than such a historical retrospect;—but it is possible only in a theatre maintained by Government, where the receipts are of no consequence. How the public of the Prater and the Graben will receive it, is another question: and we cannot conceive where singers are to be found capable of giving such ancient music in the ancient spirit.—Before leaving the Vienna Opera House, we may mention, that the augmentations to orchestra and chorus, amounting to one-third, bespoken by M. Meyerbeer in order to give the utmost effect to 'Le Prophète' are to remain as permanent:—a needless luxury, at least for the rendering of the old scores, which (we submit to our friends the purists) ought to be played and sung with the old amount of power,—neither more nor less!—Our correspondent must not misinterpret our tone of remark into disrespect for the works which had their glory and their crown. But many of them are as ineligible for present representation, though on totally different grounds, as the tragedies of Ford and Webster.

All lovers of good management, whether tragic, comic, operatic or burlesque, will receive with concern a rumour that the *Olympic Theatre* may possibly fall into the hands of Mr. Maddox.

Mr. C. Kean appears to be making his engagements with judgment and spirit.—The last news is, that he has "signed" with that rising artist, Mr. Wigan.

MISCELLANEA

Museum Library.—The collection of printed books—the vast depository of the productions of our national genius and learning—is resorted to by a wide circle of inquirers, and exercises a direct and immediate influence upon our literary daily bread.

Its condition is, therefore, of infinite moment to the whole nation. Besides its use to scholars and men of research, it is the forge and workshop of a great deal of the ordinary reading of the people; and, however lightly governments may esteem that department of our literature, few things are of more general importance than its character, and there are few ways in which men in authority may do more good or more harm than by properly using, or by neglecting or abusing, that power of influencing its character which they possess in the reading-room of the British Museum. * * Without a catalogue a collection of (it is said) 450,000 volumes is utterly useless.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

A Library for the Working Classes.—A large public library is to be established in the centre of a crowded district in Manchester. A large number of firms have subscribed 100*l.* each; and Sir Oswald Mosley, formerly the lord of the manor of Manchester, and owner of the land, is desirous to further the object. The Hall of Science erected ten years ago by the Socialists will be purchased for the purpose. It is reported that the library will be a "lending" one.

New Method of constructing Gates and Doors.—We have inspected some models of gates and doors constructed on Mr. Shepard's plan. The method he adopts is:—instead of hanging gates and doors in the usual way by hinges, or running them backwards and forwards on wheels, he suspends the gates or doors to iron bars extending over the gate or door. Attached to the top of the gates are two wheels; these wheels rest immediately on the top of the bar mentioned. When it is necessary to open the gates or door, the bar is raised a little in the centre of the doorway by means of turning a key round and round, which unlocks the gate, and at the same time raises the bar sufficiently to form an inclined plane, upon which the gate or door, by means of rollers or wheels, runs back by its own gravity into a suitable recess in the piers or wall at each side made to receive it, and thus opens the gateway clear of all obstruction. When it is necessary to close and lock the gates, the bars upon which the gates hang are depressed a little at the ends, and the gates or doors run along the bars until the gateway or doorway is closed, and the gates locked. It appears that the London and North-Western Railway Company have adopted this plan at one of their stations, and find it to answer much better than the ordinary mode,—this method requiring but one man to open and shut the gates, while in the ordinary plan it required six. We were shown several testimonials from architects and engineers, recommending the adoption of the invention, from the ponderous gates of a fortress or railway station down to the highly-finished door of a mansion.—*Herapath's Journal*.

Important Discovery.—The *Débats* publishes the following letter from Constantinople:—"The Ambassador of France has received information of an important discovery made in the neighbourhood of Erzeroum of an extensive bed of coal, specimens of which have been distributed to the consular body in the locality. The province of Erzeroum has hitherto been without combustible materials, and the only fuel of the poor is the dried dung of the cattle. The country, though very productive, is excessively cold, and the thermometer descends as low as 25° below zero. The importance of this discovery may be, therefore, readily appreciated; and is probably but the prelude to other and more valuable ones,—for foreign scientific men have already explored the mountains of that part of Turkey, and have positively stated that the soil, bearing an analogy to that of the Altai, in the north of Russia, should contain mines of gold and silver. The Turkish Government, it is said, intends to have the mine worked by the governor of the province, who will pay a considerable revenue to the state.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—T. A. M.—A. B.—H. N.—R. M. P.—C.—W. A.—received.

We are obliged by the communication from Wakefield, of which we may avail ourselves on some future occasion. W. F. S.—Since the view embraced by this correspondent as to the compound character of hydrogen gas is founded on a misconception of Lavoisier's experiment, and is entirely unsupported by any experimental evidence of his own, we must still be permitted to believe that water has been decomposed into oxygen and hydrogen gases.

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